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Established June, 1769, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting, general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to our readers.

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Local Matters

BUS PETITION HEARING

Strong differences of opinion were manifested at the adjourned hearing on the petition for a bus line, held before the Public Utilities Commission of Rhode Island in Providence on Thursday. The hearing was on the petition of the Newport Electric Corporation to operate a bus line through Thames street and other streets in connection with its trolley system. The hearing was begun several weeks ago, but for a number of reasons had to be postponed until Thursday.

William P. Sheffield appeared to represent the petitioners, while William A. Peckham represented the Newport & Providence Railway Company and Frank F. Nolan the jitney drivers, both being in opposition. City Solicitor represented the board of aldermen, who had passed resolutions in opposition to the plan.

Mr. Peter King of the King-MacLeod Company, believed that the busses would be a good thing to bring residents into the business section, which is not now covered by trolley service. He thought that the busses could be operated through Thames street without detriment to other traffic. Several other citizens were heard, both in favor and opposed to the petition. It was stated that the bus proposition was for the purpose of putting the Newport & Providence Railway out of business, but this was denied by the petitioners.

Chairman Bliss intimated that it had been the policy of the board not to grant such petitions in cases where other agencies would be interfered with, unless there was complaint as to the quality of the service offered, which was not true in the present instance. Decision will be announced later.

The civilian employees of the Torpedo Station are again getting uneasy. A protest has been adopted against the present efficiency system installed there some time ago, and it has been forwarded to Washington. It appears that a change in the method of keeping the records of the men in navy yards is to be put into effect all over the country, and the men do not seem to like the idea.

The annual inspection of Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, was held on Friday evening by Eminent Sir Norris G. Abbott, Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Commandery and Division Commander of the First Division. Dinner was served at 6.30 o'clock, a number of wives and daughters of the Commandery officers acting as waitresses.

Dr. C. Edward Farnum is in Atlantic City, where he is attending the National Convention of Osteopathic physicians.

Mr. William B. Ireys is enjoying his annual vacation in this city as guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ireys.

OIL STEAMER BURNED

The stranded oil tanker, Llewellyn Howland, whose cargo of heavy fuel oil has threatened to destroy the shores and beaches of Newport and vicinity, has this week been given as a prey to the flames, and the success of this method of removing the danger of its further pollution of the waters has exceeded all expectations. The fire was set last Saturday by representatives of the United States Engineer Department, after many conferences regarding the possibilities, and with grave doubts in the minds of all those in authority as to whether fire would remove the menace of the oil. Inasmuch as the cargo has burned steadily ever since it was ignited, it is reasonable to suppose that by far the greater quantity of the cargo will be fully consumed before the flames burn themselves out. That the people of Newport are greatly relieved at this disposal of a dangerous situation goes without saying. The next step will be the removal of the nasty mess that has already come ashore and has damaged some of the beaches. The management of the Spouting Rock Beach Association have already made a contract for the removal of the mess on that beach, which caught the full force of the oily drift, at a cost said to be about \$10,000. Thus far Easton's Beach has practically escaped the attack of the oil.

It was last Saturday morning after long and careful study of the situation, and after consultation with men who had had long experience with wrecks and with oil in many forms, Major Peterson of the Engineer Department, headed an expedition to the wreck, determined to make one attempt to remove the mess. The plan had been carefully worked out in advance, and experiments had been made on a small scale to determine the possibility of firing the heavy cold oil with an assurance that the cargo would be consumed. Many thought that fire would result in loosening up the tanks and the sides of the ship so that the whole cargo would soon be discharged upon the water and make a worse mess than ever. Others feared that property along the shore would be endangered by burning oil upon the surface of the water. But neither fear was necessary.

Upon arriving at the wreck, a large supply of gasoline was poured upon the surface of the oil in such tanks as could be reached, gunpowder was laid near by, and a heavy fuse was placed to communicate the flame to the powder. When all was in readiness the fuse was lighted and the party withdrew in their small boat to a safe distance to watch the effect of their work. The gunpowder was fired promptly, and the gasoline then blazed up, while the engineers watched with much anxiety to see if the flames would ignite the heavy oil. After a time the oil began to warm up and vaporize, and then the heavy smoke indicated that the start at least was a success, but the question still remained as to whether the oil could be consumed before the vessel should break up. As the hours passed, and then the days, and smoke and flame continued to pour out of the ship, it became certain that the greater part at least of the cargo would be destroyed. A pillar of cloud by day and of flame by night proved a great attraction to observers on the shore, and for the past week there have been many thousands of autoists along the Drive watching the striking spectacle.

As soon as the wreck cools off enough to permit anyone to come aboard, a careful survey will be made. What disposition will be made of the bones of the ship remains to be decided after it is seen how she acts when the fire has cooled off. As she lies on the rock she is hardly a menace to navigation.

Kolah Grotto Minstrels will appear at Masonic Hall next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. A performance even better than that of last year is promised.

The old plank walk on Commercial Wharf has been torn up and a cinder filling has been laid there. A concrete top may be added later.

BROADWAY PROGRESSING

Work on Broadway has at last reached a point where day by day steady progress can be seen. The preliminary work has been practically completed on the east side of the street from Lake's Corner to a long distance out, so that the big concrete mixer is pouring the material for the finished surface and is stepping right along hour by hour, with a large force of men shovelling material into its capacious mouth while another force follows behind smoothing out the concrete, into the finished pavement. An unfortunate feature of the work is that the pavement is required to set and cure for a period of thirty days after laying, so that it will not be ready for use for some time yet. However, it is really encouraging to see the work going forward so rapidly.

The pouring of the concrete was begun at the end of the wooden block pavement just above the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument. At that point the roadway is very wide, so that it had to be divided into two sections, the one near the car tracks being poured first; the other section will be left until the concrete mixer comes back down the road to finish the job. Below Cranston avenue the road narrows up, and here the whole width is poured, making a fine surface from the car tracks to the curb. As the surface dries out it is covered with earth and this will not be swept off for thirty days as it is a part of the curing process to assure the stability of the pavement.

It looks as though the entire width of Broadway might be closed to traffic in the next few weeks. It will hardly be feasible to wait until the east side is ready for use before opening the west side, and if this is done there will be no opportunity for traffic of any kind on the street. However, even this inconvenience can be put up with, for the sake of having a good roadway there before summer opens.

Much inconvenience is caused to motorists by the absence of warning signs at the Kay street entrances to the cross streets. Many take advantage of Kay street to avoid the congested condition of Broadway, and while most Newporters know that the certain crossings are impassable, those from out of town do not. Consequently many autos get caught at the dead ends of the narrow streets and are compelled to turn around under difficulty. A few cents spent for warning signs would avoid much unnecessary trouble for visitors to the city.

THOMAS G. OWEN

Mr. Thomas G. Owen, a former resident of this city, died at his home in Douglas Isle of Man, on April 15th. Death was due to influenza, and his death quickly followed that of Mrs. Sylvester Marden, mother of Mrs. Owen, who had suffered from the same disease.

Mr. Owen lived in Newport for many years, at first being employed as a machinist at the Old Colony shops, and later opening a bicycle store on lower Thames street. He afterward engaged in the automobile business for a time. He was a member of the local Masonic bodies, including St. John's Lodge, Newport Chapter, DeBlois Council, Washington Commandery, and the Eastern Star.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen left Newport some four years ago to make their home on the Isle of Man.

SUICIDE BY SHOOTING

William Gifford, caretaker on the estate of Mrs. William R. Hunter on Bliss Mine Road, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a shot gun in a barn on the estate early Thursday morning. The shot was heard by other employees who hurried to the spot, but Medical Examiner Sherman found that death had been instantaneous. Mr. Gifford had been suffering from despondency for some time, but what caused it is unknown.

Mr. Gifford is survived by a widow and one daughter, Miss Esther Gifford, who is employed at the Boston Store. He was well known in Newport and Middletown.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce on Monday evening developed somewhat into a meeting of protest against the proposition to go ahead with the Bellevue avenue development before the summer season opens. Many members spoke upon the subject, and no voice was raised in support of the proposition to begin work at once, although Alderman Hughes said that the board of aldermen was in possession of information that was not at present public property. There was also a protest voiced against the proposal to build concrete entrance ways at the various estates on the avenue, the protest being both against the cost and also as giving something that the residents did not want. A resolution was finally passed declaring that the sentiment of the meeting was that the best interests of the city would be advanced by deferring the work until after the end of the present season.

President Harry A. Titus delivered his farewell address as president, and turned the gavel over to his successor, Mr. James T. O'Connell, who thanked the members for the honor and spoke briefly upon the methods of conducting city business.

Various committee reports and the financial statement for the year were approved.

WASHINGTON COMMANDERY LOSES

Godfrey deBouillon Commandery scored a victory in the competitive drill with Washington Commandery in the Rogers High School Gym on Tuesday evening, and the handsome silver cup has gone back to Fall River to remain there until such time as Washington Commandery shall go up there to engage in the third competition which will decide its permanent ownership. That that contest will be full of keen interest goes without saying. No suggestion has been made as to the date for the ion took the floor first and put on an for a year or more.

There was a large gathering in the gymnasium on Tuesday to witness the competition. Godfrey de Bouillon big event, and it may be in abeyance excellent exhibition of military movements and a few spectacular effects. Washington Commandery then came on and took the crowd by storm, so that when they left the floor there was no doubt in the minds of the majority of the spectators but that the cup would remain in Newport. However, when the judges announced their decision, they stated that the visitors had won on aggregate points, though the marks were very close.

Following the drill, refreshments were served and dancing was enjoyed. Kolah Grotto Band furnished music previous to the drill.

MRS. CHARLES J. CONNOR

The many friends of Mrs. Charles J. Connor were greatly shocked to learn of her death at the Newport Hospital on Sunday after a short illness. Some three weeks previously she had given birth to a daughter, and later was stricken with appendicitis to which she succumbed soon after her removal to the Hospital.

Mrs. Connor was Miss Clara Ailman, daughter of the late Samuel T. H. Ailman and had a wide circle of friends in this city and in Providence, where she had made her home since her marriage. She was a trained vocalist and an amateur actress of no small ability, having taken part in a number of productions before the Unity Club.

She is survived by her mother, Mrs. Augusta Ailman, her husband and two children; also by one sister, Mrs. William F. Ebbitt.

Mrs. Florence Barker Peckham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Howard Peckham, and Mr. Richmond Seabury, son of Dr. and Mrs. Wheaton Seabury, were united in marriage at the bride's home on Rhode Island avenue on Thursday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James H. Stone Fair, in the presence of immediate relatives.

NEW TOLL SERVICE

Manager Walter A. Wright of the local telephone office announces a change in the manner of making toll calls to places within a radius of one hundred miles of Newport that will provide quicker and more efficient service than the former method of calling the toll operator and then waiting for connections. Eventually it is planned to make all toll calls with the hundred mile radius in just the same manner as local calls—that is by simply giving the number to the local operator and holding the wire while connection is being established. Already the Company is preparing to take Providence and Pawtucket calls in this manner, just as it has been taking Jamestown, Portsmouth, etc., for some time.

In this way it will of course be necessary for the subscriber to know the phone number of the party that he wishes to call and this can be obtained from the local "information." It is expected that a material improvement will thus be made in securing connections with nearby places.

TO POSTPONE WORK

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the members were prepared to abandon the project for rebuilding Bellevue avenue until the present season is over, but because of some legal questions the matter was not definitely decided, but was referred to City Solicitor Sullivan for further investigation. The contract with the Hudson Construction Company calling for the immediate beginning of work had been prepared, but had not been signed in behalf of the city. There was also a question of bond, as the bonding company that had been selected by the contractor had not been registered in Rhode Island. A statement was made by the local representative of the bonding company that such registration would be effected. The City Solicitor will also look into this phase of the matter.

Late last week three Japanese were interviewed by army officers at the Newport railroad station, and some photographic film which they had taken in the vicinity of Fort Adams was taken from them for purposes of inspection. Later this film was developed and this is said to have disclosed the fact that it was of no military importance, and the incident was regarded as closed.

Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., and Mrs. Terry have returned from Europe, where they spent the winter.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Asparagus has begun to go to the markets from this town. One gardener reported cutting a bushel of asparagus on Tuesday.

A play "Twelve Old Maids," was given by the Portsmouth Girls' Club on Friday evening at Oakland Hall, under the direction of Mrs. James D. Martin. This is the fourth production by this club, each of which was given for a charitable purpose. The proceeds from this entertainment will be used for the Portsmouth Public Health Nurse. Dancing followed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, their daughter Bessie and Mrs. Thomas's father, Mr. Spencer, have been in Vermont, where they were guests of Mr. Thomas's aunt, Mrs. Chrissie Robinson.

A public whist was given at Eureka Hall on Thursday evening, under the direction of Eureka Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

The annual meeting of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held on Tuesday evening at the Methodist Parish House.

Tickets are on sale for the masquerade to be given by Sarah Rebekah and Oakland Lodges on Friday, May 16, at Oakland Hall. The Bristol Yacht Club Orchestra has been engaged to furnish music. Mr. Osmer Bacon of this town is the pianist with this orchestra.

A card party was given at St. Mary's Rectory on Tuesday by the choir guild of St. Mary's Church. Eight tables were used for whist, one for bridge and one for Mah Jongg. Prizes were awarded. Refreshments were served by the committee, Mrs. Fred A. Coggeshall, Mrs. James P.

Canover, Mrs. Charles A. Weaver, Mrs. John Elliott, and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman.

Mr. Isaac Chase, Jr., U. S. N., of the Philadelphia Navy Yard is spending a few days with Mrs. Chase at their home.

Mr. Alexander Boone has returned to his home at Bristol Ferry after spending the time since January 1 at Porto Rico.

A buoy planter was at work on Tuesday off the shore near Sandy Point, taking soundings and doing other work.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Swanton, who have been residing at Bristol Ferry, have gone to Connecticut to live.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held an all-day meeting at the Parish House on Tuesday. Lunch was served at noon and the afternoon was spent in sewing.

Mrs. Helen Keller of Boston began her duties in this town as Red Cross Public Nurse on Monday.

St. Paul's Guild met at the Parish House on Tuesday afternoon and much sewing was accomplished.

The cottage which is under construction at the foot of Quaker Hill for Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Chase is progressing rapidly.

Large bronze gates are to be erected on Glen street at the entrance to Glen Farm. The public road ends at the entrance to Glen Farm, but the road going to the shore is not a public road. It is just east of Mr. Walter Slocum's gate where these bronze gates will be erected. They are to come from France.

Miguel Lopes, 14 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Miguel Lopes of Wapping Road, died at his home on Monday after suffering with tuberculosis.

A silver and gold chalice and paten has been presented to St. Paul's Church through the efforts of Rev. Charles Jarvis Harriman and Mrs. Barclay Hazard in memory of Rev. Robert Bachman, a former rector of St. Paul's Church. It was purchased by offerings of the clergy and those to whom he had ministered.

About an acre of land will be used at St. Mary's Rectory for the purpose of planting potatoes for St. Mary's Orphanage in Providence.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Mrs. James Anthony is ill at her home and is being cared for by a trained nurse.

Mrs. J. P. Graham and her son Gordon, who have been visiting relatives here, have returned to Springfield.

State Officers' Night was held at the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange on Thursday evening. A mock trial followed the business meeting.

Mr. Flowers is having a new house erected west of the Berkeley School.

A surprise party was given for Mr. William Truman Peckham at his home on Prospect avenue. Cards were played a supper was served at midnight, after which dancing and music were enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Wyllie and their daughter Marjorie have been spending a few days with relatives in this town. They were formerly residents of Poughkeepsie, but are now residing in Providence.

Mrs. Howard Sanford and Mrs. Kate C. Bailey of the Oliphant Club were appointed a special committee to oversee the securing of articles for the Sophia Little Home, Providence.

Chief Printer Vernon Dennis of the "Pennsylvania" has been spending a ten days' furlough with Mrs. Dennis.

A meeting of the corporation of St. Mary's parish was held Wednesday evening at St. Mary's Rectory.

The annual meeting and election of officers of Holy Cross Guild was held at the home of Mrs. William R. Howard on Wednesday afternoon.

Members of St. Mary's Branch of the Women's Auxiliary attended the all-day meeting of the Rhode Island Branch in Trinity Church Bristol on Thursday. A business meeting was held in the morning and in the afternoon addresses were given by the Bishops of Japan and Liberia.

The annual meeting of the Paradise Reading Club was held recently at the home of Mrs. Howard G. Peckham. The yearly reports were given and officers elected.

The monthly meeting of the Middletown Red Cross Public Health Committee was held at the Berkeley Parish House, with the chairman, Mr. James R. Chase presiding. Reports were given by the Secretary, Treasurer, Mr. Alan R. Wheeler and Miss Barlow gave her report.

Pay Gravel

HUGH PENDEXTER



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CHAPTER III

The Town of High Promise.

They halted their horses at the top of a steep descent early in the afternoon and gazed down into the lower end of Deadwood Gulch. The gulch seemed to end abruptly against a ridge in the middle distance, but San Juan explained that its course was very winding and that it was fully ten miles long. Both sides of the road were lined with log cabins, shanties of rough boards, and tents.

"It ain't very pretty to look at," dubiously commented Lottie Carl, gazing disapprovingly at the scattered dead piles, the survivors of fires and windfalls.

"I agree with Lottie. It isn't much to look at," said Dinsdale.

"Forget the scenery, man. Remember that Deadwood City wasn't laid out till last May, and that all supplies and the machinery for the sawmills had to be freighted in for two hundred and fifty miles with much of the road being in hostile country. Deadwood is a great town. No other like it in the world."

And in saying this the gambler spoke with but little, if any, exaggeration; for the mining camp at the junction of the two creeks was a miracle of American enthusiasm and enterprise. Up to the middle of May it had been a tangled wilderness, with the growth so thick and impenetrable that the government exploring expedition of the previous year, sent out to confirm the Custer expedition of "seventy-four," had not entered the gulch at all.

Since the middle of May, when Draven Lee and Isaac Brown built the first pine log cabin and helped to lay out the streets with a lariat in lieu of a surveyor's chain, it had grown into a business center of feverish activity.

San Juan Joe dismounted before Parkhurst's "Lager Beer Saloon" on the left of the road and announced: "This is the beginning of Deadwood City. Let's have a glass of beer."

"I'll stay here with Lottie," replied Dinsdale.

San Juan was soon back. As he swung into the saddle, he told Dinsdale it was true that Wild Bill's slayer had been acquitted and allowed to leave the town.

On that August day seven-eighths of the Black Hills population, or some seven thousand people, were in the town. And it was estimated that seven out of every ten lacked employment and were living from hand to mouth. While justly called the "poor man's diggings" there was scant opportunity for late arrivals to go prospecting so long as the fear of the Sioux held the people close to the town.

The talk of the milling crowds was not of gold but of Indians. Even the Chinese laundrymen abandoned their work in the Centennial wash house and loitered outdoors to pick up scraps of information concerning the warriors of Crazy Horse.

San Juan Joe was one of the best-known men in the gulch. Decent men, as well as the refuse of the world's quarters, passed through his big gambling tent. When he was recognized there was a general crowding forward to greet him and learn the latest news from the south. The gambler did not attempt to speak at first, for he was battered with fierce queries from a score of men at once.

"Where's Crook?"

"Lord! Is the government going to let them devils wipe us out?"

"Have the Crows and Shoshoni joined Crook yet?"

"Where's Terry? Where's Gibson?"

"Why don't the soldiers come?"

The gambler raised a hand for silence and briefly recited what little outside news he had picked up while at Bowman's ranch on the Cheyenne. With more detail he told of the massacre in the canyon and was compelled to wait until the chorus of oaths and yells for vengeance had spent itself.

The wild outburst changed to wilder cheers and a tremendous exultation as he spoke of the five Indians slain by him and Dinsdale.

"One word more," cried San Juan. "This little lady is Lottie Carl, the only survivor of the Belman outfit."

"Buy her a pair of shoes," howled a dozen.

Deafening cheers greeted the suggestion. A blacksmith, still wearing his leather apron and carrying his sledges, shouted:

"Hooley for five dead skunks! I'll start it with this!" And snatching a hat from the nearest head, he dropped into it a tiny bag of dust.

There were many in the gathering who did not know where the next meal was coming from; but there were enough others to swell the contents of the hat. When the collection was handed up to the gambler Dinsdale

be the one to decide, he had assumed, and already he was sure of her verdict. After a life of hardships she would gladly remain in this, to her, fairly environment.

There came the soft swish of skirts in the hall, a pause while a low-mustached voice gave an order in Chinese. Then Kitty the schemer stood inside the door, one of the most picturesque and notorious characters to be found in all the history of mining camps' demi-monde.

She was slight of figure, and her face was youthful and showed no signs of dissipation. Her air was that of innocence, plucked by curiosity. Only those who knew her history could appreciate the dynamic qualities of her spirit. Dinsdale was now recalling how she had, unaided, invaded the Far East and had established two palaces of sin, one in Hongkong, the other in Yokohama.

She took to the three at a glance and extended her slim hand to the gambler. For the first time Dinsdale saw beneath the impassivity of San Juan's face. He clung to her hand and said no word, but his black eyes, blazing down into the upturned face, spoke volumes.

"Lost your voice, Juan?" Kitty asked, her limpid blue eyes turning in welcome to Dinsdale.

The gambler hastened to present his companions. The woman ignored the girl to study Dinsdale. Her subtle mind quickly formed an estimate, and it was entirely in his favor.

Then she deigned to appraise the girl. The rough boots and the dowdy dress prompted a slight smile. With arched brows she glanced from the coarse dress to her own attire, which typed the daintiest lures that civilized shopping would furnish. Beside this paragon of frailty Lottie Carl looked very uncouth.

She extended a welcome to Dinsdale, still ignoring Lottie Carl, and said to the gambler:

"Well, Juan, your eyes tell me you love me. But surely you don't bring Mr. Dinsdale along as a witness. What is it?"

"This girl is the only one left of an outfit trapped in Red canyon. Dinsdale and I fetched her through. We got five of the Sioux."

"Good boy!" she purred. "Now go and get some real agents."

The gambler completed his explanation by saying: "This girl hasn't any folks. She's all alone in the world. I reckoned you'd take her."

Kitty the schemer frowned a bit petulantly. "With those eyes—that hair—"

As she hesitated San Juan insisted: "Surely she would do."

"Oh, leave her. I'll see what I can do. Not very interesting to Mr. Dinsdale though, all this."

"I'm keenly interested," corrected Dinsdale, advancing in front of Lottie Carl. "And I'm mighty curious. Just what would her position be here? I'm a stranger in town, but from appearances, the big tent and all, I take it you have lots of company."

She eyed him curiously. Then sharply, like the thrust of a stiletto: "Just what have you to do with this girl, anyway?"

"Nothing beyond seeing that she is decently housed—referring more to



"Just What Have You to Do With This Girl?"

clutching his hand as if to hold him clear of temptation. "Not very gallant of me, but after all I have only one life, you know."

"This is no time for nonsense, Kitty," broke in the gambler. "Dinsdale, you shouldn't tell me to 'like' anything, or 'love' it."

"And some time you'll ask permission to kiss me," softly murmured Kitty to the schemer, busily thinking murderous thoughts.

Dinsdale faced the gambler, and his embarrassment vanished. He quietly said:

"I was the first to meet her in the canyon. You rode behind me. I was the one to swing her on to a horse—my horse. You helped her to the Indians; but I was the one to pick her off her feet and ride with her. She'll be better off in the old woman's boarding house. A frontier woman's a rifle, you called her."

"I must be poison," trilled Kitty the schemer with an ugly side glance at San Juan.

"You must be very lovely. You look it," retorted Dinsdale. "But there are those who come here who are not. Now we'll be going, Lottie."

The girl obediently rose. San Juan Joe stepped between Dinsdale and the door and said:

"Not so fast. We'll discuss this a bit further."

"You'll get clear of that door, Joe, or we'll discuss it with guns," Dinsdale warned in a low voice.

"A bad man, eh?" politely asked the gambler.

"A mighty bad man when held back from a door he's set on going through."

It was difficult for the gambler to hate a man to the edge of death for being proof against the schemer's lure. Dinsdale had been a good companion. He was a prepossessing young man and might easily interest good women and weak. The gambler gave him a high mark for being indifferent to Kitty. Because he believed he would never have cause for jealousy on Dinsdale's account, the gambler lacked heart for what he knew would end in the death of one, perhaps the two, of them.

The girl was of no interest to San Juan. He felt an immense relief in believing that the feckless schemer could never make his heart ache by receiving any attentions from Dinsdale. He amazed the woman by quietly agreeing:

"Let it go at that, Pete."

And he stepped one side.

"You used up all your nerve and your fighting spirit in the canyon, I reckon," hissed Kitty the schemer, now thoroughly enraged at Dinsdale, the gambler and herself.

San Juan did not mind her angry mood; he rather preferred them. When she was in a rage it was likely she had failed in some attempted conquest. He was not to be trapped into a fight to the death just to please the woman's vanity.

"Really, Kitty, the girl isn't worth two good men throwing down guns on each other. We know just about what the other can do. If we went through with this it would mean one dead man and probably two. Now look the kid over and say what I've said is true. And it's as he says; he saved her, not I."

"He might have let her choose for herself," insisted Kitty the schemer.

"I want to go with Mr. Dinsdale," hastily cried Lottie, deeply frightened at the threatened tragedy, and yet not knowing just what all the argument was about.

"You've made a conquest," laughed Kitty the schemer. "Look out, girl, I may decide to take him from you."

"You can't! You mustn't!" cried the girl as she drew Dinsdale into the hall after her. "Take me away! I'm scared of this place. I'm scared of that woman."

"You little fool," remarked Kitty the schemer contemptuously as she drew her skirts about her to escape contact with Lottie Carl's coarse clothing and ran up the stairs.

San Juan Joe tried to laugh as he complained:

"D—n it, Dinsdale! But you've made bad blood between me and Kitty. Why the h—l couldn't you show your cards on the table before I made an ass of myself? Now she won't feel satisfied till you and I fight and one of us gets killed. And if I should be the one to drop she wouldn't be satisfied till she had her collar around your neck. The last is one good reason why you and I won't fight if I can help it."

"She's a bad woman!" denounced Lottie Carl.

"Hush, hush! You mustn't say that," Dinsdale corrected, pretending not to see San Juan Joe's twisted smile as he slowly mounted the stairs. "She lives her life and you will live yours. And we won't say anything more about it. Now we must buy you some shoes."

They rode down the street to a store exhibiting general merchandise. Lottie Carl was soon equipped with a pair of shoes such as she had never owned before. She still carried the gold dust but did not seem to sense its potentials, and her companion paid the bill.

On their way to Mrs. Colt's place Lottie Carl shyly thanked her new friend and said something about his being "mighty good to her." He gruffly repudiated the suggestion.

On entering the boarding house they were at once in the presence of Mrs. Colt. She scrutinized them keenly while Dinsdale was expressing his desire to procure a room and lodging. When he finished she snapped out:

"Married?"

"Lord, no! Lottie Carl is only a little girl," he cried, quailing beneath her fierce gaze.

"I'm seventeen," protested Lottie.

come. One citizen announced that the bodies of three whites had been found that very morning up Whitewood creek. These isolated killings had been so frequent as to become commonplace.

Through the open door of the I. X. L. Dinsdale beheld a man gesticulating and talking loudly. Twenty or thirty silent men composed his audience. Dinsdale entered.

"We're coming to vigilantes, same's they did in Montana," declared a heavily bearded miner. "Can't make me believe all these dead men found in the gulches was killed by Indians."

There was an uneasy stirring and an exchange of suspicious glances. It was well known that road-agents entered Deadwood City at times to procure supplies. Within a month a fight had started in front of the Grand Canyon, resulting from a victim recognizing a robber. The robber had escaped in a running fight. That others stayed in a town between holdups was commonly believed.

The Montana man was impressed by the silence his speech had caused and glared defiantly around for a moment. Then he began to weaken, and to work clear of the group. A jeering laugh accelerated his retreat. Bandy Allen, recently silenced by Col. orado Charley, pointed a finger at the miner, now making for the door, and denounced:

"That fool and others are talkin' like lunatics." Hitching up his belt aggressively and staring stonily at the men, he continued: "Th' agents ain't makin' day wages. What we oughter do is to comb th' gulches for reds an' forgit th' agents till th' really 'portant job, is well finished."

Allen was not pleasing to look at, but the vital need of protection from the Sioux won him many nods of approval. Finding his listeners in sympathy, he hooked his thumbs in his belt and began: "Give me fifty well-armed men an' I'll agree to clear out all th' redskins from the Belle-Fourche to Red Canyon creek. Th' job needs men who know th' critters an' ain't afraid of 'em. Here's thousands of folks huddled up like sheep in this gulch, shiverin' an' skeered because small bands of painted Sioux skunks is wipin' out every miner they catch by hieself."

"Excuse me," broke in a shrill voice, "but the Sioux ain't paintin' their faces this season. I was their prisoner a bit ago, and I know. They paint the top of their heads, where they part their hair, but not their faces. It's mighty queer."

"Hold yer yap, yer fool idiot!" Roared Allen.

Roared Allen, turning to glare unmercifully at the speaker.

"Well, 'Scissors' ought to know," quietly interposed a bystander. "He was their prisoner. They took him to be big medicine and let him live, and he saw things."

"I was wakan witshasha, mystery man," proudly recited the man called Scissors. "Any one might get to be pebbita witshasha, a common grass root man, but I was wakan. Before they could cut off my arms I pulled out my little scissors and made a picture of their chief. They thought it was magic. It was magic. None of you fellers ever see it done before. It's an art. Always could do it. I can go anywhere in these hills and if the Indians see my scissors they won't hurt me. Can't remember when I couldn't do it. See here."

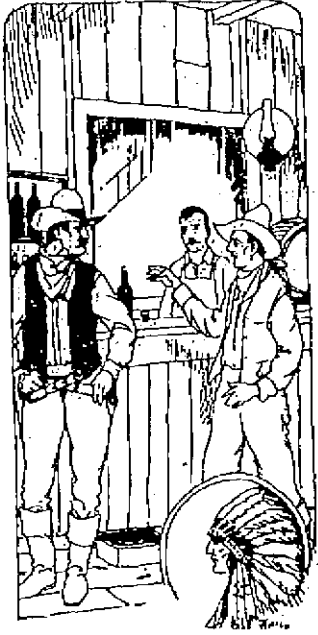
He whipped out a pair of scissors and a piece of paper, and, squinting at Bandy Allen, began cutting the paper with marvelous rapidity. He held the scissors in one position, working the blades, and turning the paper back and forth and in half-circles in a most bewildering manner.

"The Sioux call me Two Knives Talking—each scissors blade is a knife to them, you know," he explained in a singsong voice as he whirled the paper.

Dinsdale studied him with much sympathy. He was a slight, washed-out looking specimen, and his face was vacuous. He had all the appearances of one mentally unbalanced.

Allen lowered at him wrathfully, undecided whether to remain as an accommodation to the artist or to withdraw. The men suddenly raised a shout of laughter, and Scissors triumphantly held up the result of his skill. It was an exceedingly clever caricature of Allen with the long, ragged hair and bow legs grotesquely accentuated.

"Give me four bits for it?" asked Scissors, ruffling his thin yellow hair and tentatively offering the picture.



"Hold Yer Yap, Yer Fool Idiot!" Roared Allen.

RED ROCK HOTEL
PORK & BENES & COMMON DOINS
50 CENTS
CHICKEN FIXINS & FLOUR DOINS
ONE DOLLAR

"Hurrah for 'four doling,'" he softly applauded.

Entering the Red Rock, he engaged a room, paying a week in advance from his roll of greenbacks. Leaving his rifle in the office, he rode his tired horse to Clark's livery stable, paid in greenbacks, and then set out afoot for an examination of the town.

Whenever he paused and listened to men with time for gossip he found there were two topics of general interest—the murder of Wild Bill and the menace of the Sioux.

"Jack McCall was hired by some of the gamblers!" passionately charged one man. "They was afraid my pard would be put in office to make things decent here. They hired McCall to do for him, then got him clear with their snap miners' meeting, and rushed him out of the hills so he wouldn't blab the truth. I only hope he rides plump into h—l, and finds them that hired him all waiting for him."

"That's a poor way to talk, Utter," warned a bowlegged fellow with two guns in his belt. "If the gamblers can work that game—which I don't believe—then they're strong enough to muzzle you."

"All I ask, 'Bandy' Allen, is that they come face on when they try to muzzle me," was the hot reply. "You're pretty thick with some of them; tell them what I'm saying. I hope McCall rides straight into h—l."

Had "Colorado Charley"—as Utter was generally called—possessed prophetic vision his mind would have been more at rest; for he would have looked down the months, less than a year of them, and seen the murderer riding to execute his crime on a Yankton scaffold, executed by the United States authorities.

The next circle of men where Dinsdale loitered were discussing the chances of an Indian invasion, and loudly demanding of one another the reason for the soldiers' failure to

PAY GRAVEL

Continued from Page 2

Roaring an oath, Allen ran his eyes over the grinning faces and dropped a hand on a gun.

"Who's laughin' at me?" he demanded, advancing a few steps.

The smiles vanished. Standing in front of Scissors, he drew back his fist to drive it into the snuffle face. Dinsdale stepped between the two and informed Allen:

"I was laughing, too. I'm laughing now."

And he grinned broadly.

The men scattered. Allen reached for both guns, but with a flirt of his hand Dinsdale had him covered and was saying:

"Better keep your hands out of mischief."

Allen controlled his rage, for the muzzle of the forty-four was most convincing.

"I wasn't goin' to use a gun on th' fool," he growled. "He was makin' game of me, an' he oughter be smashed in the face."

Dinsdale slipped the gun into the holster and informed Allen:

"Have it that I made game of you. Smash me in the face."

Allen stared at him furiously, but fastidiously warned him to be wary.

"I ain't got any fight with you yet, mister. This fellow's a nuisance. You didn't have no call to bust into this game. I'm a poor forgeriter."

With that he turned and, swaggering to the door, Dinsdale looked after him thoughtfully for a moment, then laughed lightly.

Scissors felt called upon to vindicate his art, and loudly protested:

"I've made pictures of lots of men in this town, bigger men than Bandy Allen. They never got mad. When I was with the Sioux I made one of old One Stab, who married Red Cloud's daughter. He was so pleased he gave me a rifle. Lots of men in San Juan Joe's place buy my pictures. Bandy Allen don't want to get up with me, or I'll tell Joe."

"But I'm much obliged to you, stranger. You mean well. Still I don't think Bandy Allen would hurt me. I'm wakin' withnashna, you know. White men as well as the Sioux are findin' that out."

With a duck of his head he worked his way through the group and into the street.

"Who is he? What is he?" inquired Dinsdale.

The men were eyeing him curiously. A miner informed him:

"Scissors is a natural fool in everything outside of cutting paper into pictures and talking polite. He blew into the hills right after Custer was wiped out. He was caught on the way by some of Crazy Horse's bucks. Seeing he was foolish he didn't skin him alive offhand. And when they found out what he could do with scissors and paper they took him to be big medicine. He can cut out buffalo, elk, bear, any animal or bird. He can cut out horses on the dead gallop, or a whole string of men fighting, or anything."

"He must have been educated somewhere before he went foolish," mused Dinsdale. "He talks well. What's his real name?"

"Don't know. He's just Scissors to us, and Two Knives Talking to the Indians. Well, he's lucky in one way—he don't have to pack any guns in his outfit."

And the miner glanced significantly at Dinsdale's two big Colts.

"I have to pack guns, and I can use two at once," Dinsdale informed him, his face hardening. "Some of you fellows get the same habit and there'll be fewer Indian killings."

"An' fewer stage holdups," supplemented a voice from the back of the crowd.

"Why, surely, if you know how to use your guns and have sand enough to take a chance," agreed Dinsdale.

He waited a few moments to see if others wished to indulge in innuendo, and as the men remained silent he returned to the street.

"I'm doing well," he grimly muttered as he aimlessly wandered down the street. "In town only for a few hours and already I've thrown a gun on a bow-legged scrub—and offered to fight San Juan Joe, although the public doesn't know about that. Reckon I'll drop around and see Joe. I owe him some sport because of the girl. I'll see if I can't put him in a better humor."

CHAPTER IV

Hunting for Action.

For two days Dinsdale walked and rode up and down Deadwood Gulch and made several short trips to outlying places. Most of these diggings were abandoned because of the Indian scare, and the few being worked were under a heavy guard.

Several times he passed San Juan Joe's big tent, in front of which stood an Indian medicine-pole, but saw nothing of the proprietor. Once he met Kitty the Schemer. It was on the road to Crook City. He was returning to Deadwood, and she was riding north in the company of several men. She flashed him a smile and bowed graciously. He asked himself:

"What is the little cat planning now? Sharp claws."

Another encounter, and one that left

him in poor spirits, was with Mrs. Colt.

"How's Lottie getting along?" he asked, genuinely pleased to meet her. "I was thinking of calling next Sunday."

She eyed him with disapproval.

"Well, say you've had your visit here, and now," she told him. "Don't call at the house to see Lottie Carl till I say so. You and your two guns!"

"Surely other men wear two guns in Deadwood," he defended.

"Scoundrels do, and men who have an honest right to wear them. Are you a guard on a treasure coach? Guarding any diggings? Going to fight Indians? As far as I can make out you ain't even a gambler. You ride around, but don't seem keen to be earning an honest living."

"If I don't want to work, that's my business. If I do want to work, and can afford to wait till I strike something to suit, that also is my business. I won't bother you, Mrs. Colt. So long as you're good to Lottie Carl nothing else matters."

"You talk pert. You've told me to keep my nose out of your business. But I ain't going to get fired up over that. You're new here. Your way of coming made you known to the whole town. What you do is noticed."

"Lottie Carl is too green to look after herself. I fired a prompt-paying order yesterday, fired him neck and baggage, for winking at her. She ain't in any danger in my house, but if you ain't the proper sort I'd have my doubts. The little fool seems to think she belongs to you along of what you done. So we'll wait a bit, young man."

Dinsdale removed his hat and bowed low on leaving her. He walked on, moodily wondering why he cared because the Colt place was closed to him. Finally he decided:

"It won't do. I must have some sort of work. If I won't be a merchant or miner I can be a gambler. Gamblers seem to be thought of highly here."

It was late afternoon of the day he had met Mrs. Colt when he passed through the entrance of San Juan Joe's tent. Although it was not the rush hour a considerable number of men were trying their luck at faro, roulette and monte.

For several minutes Dinsdale sought to locate the proprietor, but was unsuccessful. Satisfied he was not in the tent, Dinsdale wandered to the faro layout and placed a few bets, staking greenbacks, to the envy of the other players. He quit the game a hundred dollars winner and without any enthusiasm passed on to a roulette wheel and quickly dropped the gold he had won at faro. He smiled as if pleased when a man exclaimed:

"There goes the greenback man!"

He was slowly making for the exit when a shrill voice halted him. He turned to face the grinning Scissors. The fellow had his paper and scissors in hand, but what made Dinsdale's eyes widen was the great horned owl perched on Scissors' shoulder.

"I want you to meet Sitting Bull," said Scissors, reaching up a hand to tickle the owl's head.

"Howdy-do, Sitting Bull," gravely greeted Dinsdale.

"Chief, this is the young man I was telling you about. Friend of mine. Ain't many folks that can tame an owl and have him like Sitting Bull." Scissors proudly informed Dinsdale.

"I should say that is true. No more trouble with that bow-legged cuss, eh?" Scissors chuckled and idly slipped out the profile of a swarthy Mexican, big hat and all, and replied:

"Allen wouldn't dare bother me here. I have too many friends among the customers. Joe lets me circulate around and pick up a living. He wouldn't take kindly to any man trying games on me or Sitting Bull."

He held the silhouette before the Mexican and raised four fingers. The Mexican gazed with much pleasure at the likeness. The big hat intrigued him, and he handed over four bits and tucked the paper in his shirt. Scissors turned back to the amused Dinsdale and confided:

"That's the way it goes. If Joe knew how much I take in he'd probably ask for a rake-off. Took in most an ounce today. The night ought to bring it up to two ounces, maybe more."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Dinsdale.

"And what do you do with all your gold?"

Scissors' amiable grin gave place to an expression of fear.

"That's telling," he muttered. "Sitting Bull knows, and I know. That's enough to know. And no one else has time to think about me. They're whispering on the street today that some new men are in town, some that have robbed a railroad train. I don't want those fellows to hear about my savings. Still I hope they are here. They throw their dust around mighty free-like."

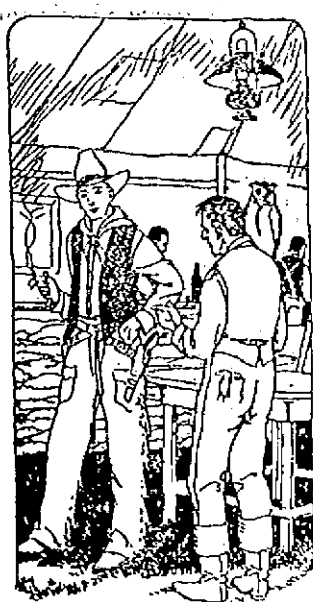
"How do you know that unless you know them by sight?" quickly asked Dinsdale.

"Why, road agents always do. Very liberal. I can always tell when any of them are in here. Why, after the treasure-coach was robbed of twenty-five thousand I got fifteen ounces of dust in one afternoon and night. Think of it! Every time a big haul's made I'm sure of extra good profits within two nights after it's happened."

"But if these gentlemen of the road knew you talked like this they might not like it. They might give you some lead instead of gold," warned Dinsdale.

Scissors' fatuous face showed much alarm.

"Don't you tell them that I've talked," he begged. "I'll keep my mouth shut after this. If any of them hear I've talked and speak to you, you just say it isn't so."



"They Might Give You Some Lead Instead of Gold," Warned Dinsdale.

Dinsdale smiled curiously.

"So you're taking me for one of them," he murmured.

Scissors became flustered and backed away from Dinsdale as if suddenly afraid of him; but he repeated:

"Just tell them it isn't so. Now I must make a picture of 'Horseshoe' Webb, over at the monte table."

A pause and a sharp glance at Dinsdale's expressionless face.

"He's very ugly or very good-natured in his drinks. Just now he's good-natured."

With a hasty duck of his head, which the big owl seemed to imitate, he sidled his way to the monte table, where Horseshoe Webb was twisting his huge black mustache and smiling amiably.

Webb wore a gayly-embroidered buckskin coat and carried an ivory-handled revolver at the front of his belt. From below the skirts of the coat protruded the decorated sheath of a long knife.

Dinsdale shifted his position so that he might study Webb more closely. He was large and gaunt of frame, and yet was very vain. He covered his uncouth figure with the softest of buckskins and received his name from a horseshoe of brilliant worn in his neck scarf. And he was extraordinarily proud of his long black mustache.

Dinsdale surveyed him for a minute and would have departed had not a flap at the rear been raised to admit a man. Before the canvas fell back in place Dinsdale glimpsed a door, and for the first time realized there was a wooden annex to the tent. Second glance told him the newcomer was Iron Pyrites, the peripatetic prospector. Pyrites was gazing absent-mindedly at the busy scene and did not sense Dinsdale's approach until the latter's hand touched his shoulder.

"Back in town to outfit for the great trip, eh?" greeted Dinsdale.

"Joe's friend!" exclaimed Pyrites, thrusting out a hand. "Joe's shooting friend! Yes, street. The big trip is what's coming next. One big strike and I'm going back East. Joe's all right. He's my friend and partner, but he don't have enough sense, not enough faith. Just been talking to him. He shows no more interest than I was talking about buying and selling eggs."

"Why, man, I know several big prospects that oughter make him give this outfit away and hunt for joy; and he don't give a hoot. There's gold back near where I met you fellows on the road. Heaps of it! No five and ten cents to a pan, but dollars to a pan! Sounds big? It is big. Then there's silver indications near Bear Butte, right under our noses. There's oceans of silver there. I know it. Why, man alive! Just me and my burro have traced out five miles of silver ledge. Hit on it by accident. Hunting gold and found a nugget that was almost pure silver. Washed down from some vein up in the hills."

"That was enough for old Iron Pyrites. When I've developed the tunnels and drifts I'll take out ore that'll run two hundred ounces to the ton! Two hundred dollars to the ton! A small mill, at the least, will reduce twenty-five tons a day. Five thousand dollars! A small custom-smelter will turn out—well, we'll say a thousand-ounce brick a day. Good lord! And I can't get Joe's haired up about it!"

"Then you'll go after silver next?" prompted Dinsdale.

Pyrites scratched his nose and wrinkled his brows.

"I'm a gold miner," he finally decided. "Silver's good. I always like to feel I've got a good silver ledge back of me for a rainy day. Maybe I'll take one more whack at the gold before getting that silver. It's safe. No one else will find it. Going in to see Joe!"

"I dropped in to see him, but he's busy—"

"He's running the private games in there and sitting in a big one. Uses the house for the private games. Perhaps you'd better wait if you ain't hunting for a big game. His good nature just now is like a gas-vein, wide on the surface and tapering away to nothing underneath. Every time he gets back from a trip he's crazy for a killing."

"Maybe I'm feeling hungry for a big game," said Dinsdale.

Pyrites darted a quick glance and wrinkled his weather face in a grin.

"Young blood! Always the same. Excitement even if they have to play against their own money. Rather rake in five dollars on a pair of jacks than to locate a bonanza mine. Well,

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"There wouldn't be any Deadwood City if it wasn't for a man's love of risks," lightly responded Dinsdale.

He passed under the canvas flap and through the narrow door. There was a long hall with several doors on each side. No voices were to be heard—gold dust was doing all the talking. As Dinsdale stood irresolute a Chinaman emerged from a door at the end of the hall, carrying a tray of glasses. On discovering Dinsdale he glided forward, his stolid face demanding the intruder's business. Dinsdale found pencil and paper in his pocket and wrote:

"I'm hankering for action."

Signing it, he directed the servant to give it to San Juan. The Chinaman entered a room on the left and closed the door behind him. Fully a minute passed—then the servant reappeared and beckoned for Dinsdale to approach.

San Juan Joe and three men were seated at a table. A glance told Dinsdale two things: it was a case of tiger cat, for each of the strangers wore the facial brand of the professional gambler. San Juan rose and shook hands cordially. He was no longer the philosophical traveling companion, but an opponent. He greeted Dinsdale with a few laconic words, and added:

"Your message says you're gunning for action."

"Feel sort of hungry for it," confessed Dinsdale.

"We'll try to accommodate you. This is 'French Curry,' this is Blitz, this is 'Big George.' Gentlemen, this is Pete Dinsdale. You know what he's after," San Juan introduced. Then to Dinsdale:

"We're playing a bit stiff"; and he pulled up the chair for him.

"It's the only way," agreed Dinsdale as he seated himself and briefly studied the impassive faces of the strangers. French Curry held his gaze the longest. The man was dying of consumption and had death written in his sunken cheeks. He was notorious for his malignance and would go to his death and a nameless grave venomous to his last breath. He lived only for the night and the table. Deprived of cards and his day was done.

"What are we playing for?" he asked, his voice scarcely audible; and to show he was in proper form he dropped a heavy bag on the table.

Dinsdale drew a thick package of greenbacks from an inside pocket, as fresh looking as if direct from the government press, and placed it before him. The quartette flashed their hawk gaze over the unaccustomed sight of paper money, and French Curry's bloodless lips drew back like a famished animal.

"There's three thousand in that heap. Call it table stakes and make it brief," said Dinsdale.

The four nodded their approval and reinforced their table cash. No further talk was indulged in, pantomime and chips sufficing. Dinsdale played a winner at the first, then began to meet with reverses. French Curry's lips became fixed in a snarl of triumph as the greenbacks began their travels, and his breath became choked and disagreeable to hear. At midnight the last of Dinsdale's table stakes were swept away by Curry.

"That lets me out for the evening," said Dinsdale, rising. "Enjoyed myself very much. Suppose I can have my revenge?"

"That's what we're here for," said San Juan Joe, beginning to discard

the cold department of the table.

He called the hallboy and after refreshments had been served told Dinsdale:

"I'd like to have a word with you in private. You gentlemen will excuse me."

Passing down the hall he led Dinsdale into a room next to the kitchen. Pushing forward a chair he genially said:

"I'm mighty glad you dropped in, Dinsdale. I've been expecting you for two days. If you hadn't shown up tonight I should have sent you a message." He paused as if undecided just how he would proceed.

"Play," prompted Dinsdale.

"It would be awkward to say it if we hadn't roiled through the canyon together. Do you know there's talk being made about you since I saw you last? I'm afraid, Pete, that Kitty is getting in her work. She isn't called the 'Schemer' for nothing."

"You're breaking bad news, eh?"

"Let's hope it hasn't reached the point where we must call it 'bad.' But it might be much better. That little devil has started talk about you, and others are passing it on. You came here without even a pack-animal. You're connected with no outfit. You don't seem keen to get into business, or do any prospecting. You're well heeled with guns and money. And you arrive in a way that makes you a marked man."

"The hour is late for me, Joe," yawned Dinsdale. "Get down to cases."

"You tipped me off to tell the crowd about the Ogallala holdup, and the crowd knew you passed the word. First they had heard of it. Then the Sidney stage driver arrives and inside an hour is blabbing about the robbery to the men at the X. L. He tells them that the robbers got a large amount of new greenbacks."

Dinsdale blew a ring of smoke and quietly remarked:

"And on top of tipping you about the holdup I gave some greenbacks to Lottie Carl. I understand, Joe, as well as if you talked a month. Folks are wondering. Greenbacks did it. Well, what comes next? You wouldn't tell me this unless you had something to add."

"French Curry will try for another game tonight and, failing, he'll blow some of his winnings at Kitty's place. Before morning the town will be telling how you lost an enormous amount of money—in new paper money. Well, here is the true word. Get an outfit and go prospecting at once. Make believe you're a miner. With so many strangers floating in and out a week's absence may see the loose talk forgotten. Old Pyrites starts in a day or so on one of his fool trips. Why not go along with him? I'll pretend I'm tired of grub-staking him and you can take my place and let on you believe all his yarns."

"Thanks. That might be good medicine. Will be agreeable."

"He'd take a grubstake from the devil and old Satan for a pard if no other way was open to him. Where are you stopping?"

"Bad Rock. Chicken fixings and flour doughs."

The gambler smiled whimsically and applauded:

"Good nerve. Need any money?"

"You didn't clean me, Joe." And Dinsdale tapped his breast pocket.

"The man Curry did something I didn't like in picking a chip from the floor. I felt I was your guest, so I quit before going to a showdown with him. Then again the fellow is three-fourths dead already."

"Dinsdale, I like you. Curry seldom

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is awkward. But you're after my own style. So you don't need money. Thrust pocket. Must be more greenbacks."

"Easier to pack than dust."

San Juan's black eyes sparkled in keen appreciation of the other's bearing.

"Words aren't necessary between us, Pete. If it wasn't for that wound, it's in the cards that I'll make a fool of myself. I'll have a talk with Mayor Farnum. Accidental-like. I'll find out if Kitty has passed a bad word to him, or the city council. Wild Bill's death makes the situation ticklish."

"But folks are saying the gamblers planned that. I'm done out of three thousand my first game in town. Can't brand me as much of a gambler."

"I drop," surrendered San Juan.

"But I feel that you and I ought to have another talk—one that might lead to you getting some work—highly paid work."

"The only kind that would interest me, Joe, I'll think over the prospecting proposition. Perhaps I've made a mistake in being too free with greenbacks and not going to work. But work hates me."

"You'll make no mistake in listening to my next talk. It's work that'll suit you fine."

This ended their conversation. Each had refused to speak plainly, yet each was working toward the point where he could talk plainly. San Juan returned to the card room and Dinsdale passed out into the big tent.

Keeping close to the canvas wall he avoided the congestion around the different games and gained the open space. He glanced over the assemblage and finally focused his gaze on the bar. Then he advanced to the side of Horseshoe Webb and invited:

"Have another little touch of trouble?"

"Who the h—l are you?" viciously growled Webb. It was plain he had entered the dangerous stage in his drinks.

"I'm the galoot that's just been done for three thousand in greenbacks and yet has something left for the bottle," Dinsdale murmured.

Webb's drunken malevolence slowly died out and he stared thoughtfully at Dinsdale. "Huh. I'll drink with you," he mumbled.

After bolting his drink Webb slyly remarked:

"You tote a likely lot of paper money round with you, I reckon."

"Always like to be well heeled—with money and guns."

Webb tugged at his mustache and furtively studied Dinsdale's profile.

"Have another," he grunted.

"Thanks. But not tonight. We'll make it on demand. I must be going."

As he strode to the exit he could feel Webb's gaze boring into his back. As he stepped into the darkness of the street a hand touched his arm and caused his own hand to close on a gun. Two round yellow eyes were blazing at him. The voice of Scissors addressed him, and he knew the agent belonged to the big owl.

"Got my two ounces," exultingly whispered Scissors. "That satisfies me some of the Ogallala gang is in the tent tonight."

"You'd better keep that talk to yourself," shortly warned Dinsdale. "And keep away from that man Webb. He's feeling ugly."

"Oh, I know when to catch him. Scissors knows when to get them. He's wakin' withnashna. Old Sitting Bull here knows more'n most humans. I can tell by his eyes whether to go ahead or draw back."

"He's telling you now to shut off that talk about train robbers being in town," Dinsdale sternly warned him.

"That talk is poor medicine."

As he walked away he could hear Scissors chuckling and mumbling.

(pennington eq. 01)

Why Black Sea Is Different?

The existence of sulphuretted hydrogen in great quantities below 100 fathoms, the extensive chemical precipitation of calcium carbonate and the stagnant nature of its deep waters serve to make the Black sea unique. The depths of this sea are lifeless. Another peculi

THE MERCURY
Saturday, May 10, 1924

Since 1920 the drop in the price of wheat has been fully fifty per cent. It is evident that the bakers of the country have not yet heard of this drop, for the price of bread has decreased only two per cent from war times.

Trade reports for the month of April show considerable falling off in business from last year. The outlook is not good for the year ahead, and it is more than probable that there will not be much improvement till after the November elections are well out of the way.

The two leaders in the Democratic National Convention will doubtless be McAdoo and Smith. But this leadership will only result in the political Waterloo of both. There is little likelihood that any leader in the early stages can corral a two-thirds vote. The Democratic nominee will without doubt be some dark horse.

Ford seems to be largely outbid on his Muscle Shoals lease proposition. A New York party now offers to guarantee a minimum of one hundred and twenty million dollars for a fifty year's lease, which is more than double Ford's offer and for half the time. Ford's demand is for a hundred year's lease.

It is now proposed to run a line of busses between Providence and Boston. These busses are the ten thousand dollar kind, and will run hourly between the two cities. This will be another cut at the New York and New Haven road, hitting it in its most prosperous passenger section. The automobiles are playing havoc with the short haul railroads of New England.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, is being severely criticised in many quarters for the stand he has taken against prohibition. He is likewise highly commended among the lovers of the "ardent" for this stand. Dr. Butler claims that the Volstead act is unenforceable and he will try to have a plank demanding its repeal inserted in the Republican platform at the coming national convention.

Governor William S. Flynn, of this state, is to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the commencement of Georgetown University on June 9. President Coolidge has accepted the invitation to be present on that occasion. Members of the cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps and the judges of the U. S. Supreme Court will also be present. It will be a notable occasion. Nearly every President since the days of Washington have attended these commencements.

Hiram Johnson in the early part of the campaign shield his hat into the Presidential ring, but from late report he has taken it out again somewhat the worse for being kicked by the delegates from every state except South Dakota, but still it will do for another four years, when he can let the people of the country give it a few more kicks. If Johnson keeps on he will become the Bryan of the Republican party.

It is getting to be more and more dangerous for pedestrians on streets and highways. Last month 118 pedestrians were injured by automobiles in Providence and vicinity. Three persons were killed. Thirteen persons have been killed in the Providence district this year thus far. The Providence Safety Council reports for the last eleven months show a total of 5631 automobile accidents, 1088 pedestrians were killed in that time and 769 automobilists suffered a like fate. Property was destroyed to the value of \$660,500. Last Sunday seven persons were killed in various parts of the country by autos, and still the slaughter goes on.

According to the latest figures President Coolidge is already sure of 941 votes in the National convention out of 1109, with nine more states to hear from. This week he has captured the states of Maryland, Indiana, and the unkindest cut of all, he has gone into Hiram Johnson's own state, California, and captured that. The President has all the delegates thus far chosen with the exception of 28 in Wisconsin for La Follette, and 13 in South Dakota for Hiram Johnson. But as Johnson has resigned from the field, these votes will without doubt go to Coolidge. Nine more states are to elect delegates, and these will undoubtedly be for Coolidge. No convention has been held for many years so nearly unanimous for one man as this one will be for Coolidge.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Nineteen weeks have passed and not a single act of state wide importance has been enacted by this august body. Meanwhile the different departments of the state are suffering, and the necessities of the state's wards have to be relieved by private charity. There are over one hundred bills on the senate calendar waiting consideration, which the Democratic minority declare shall not be touched unless the majority will agree to pass some of the pet measures of the minority. The entire state is made to suffer because the majority will not agree to do the bidding of the minority. Such action is unheard of in either state or national legislation.

The great bone of contention in the senate is the Constitutional Convention bill. The Republicans agree to bring that before the senate for action at any time. But the minority says "no" unless the majority will agree to pass the bill after it comes before the senate, neither the important appropriation bill nor any other act of importance can be considered.

Representative Davis of Westerly attempted, on Tuesday, to introduce a bill for an amendment to the state Constitution so as to remove the Lieutenant Governor from being the presiding officer of the senate and allowing that body to choose its own president. This bill could not be introduced except by unanimous consent, a Democratic member objected and the bill went into innocuous desuetude.

Indian Tribes Believed Men Changed to Brutes

The Santa Barbara Channel Indians, before the influences of white civilization came among them, believed just the opposite of the modern theory of evolution, according to J. P. Harrington of the Museum of the American Indian, says the Santa Barbara (Cal.) correspondent of the New York Post.

These Indians, said Harrington, thought that all the animals once had been people and had attained their various forms by a slow process of evolution. There had been a time, according to the lore, when people were the only form of life. Gradually the "first people" came to resemble certain animals, into which they eventually turned.

The ancestor of the owl was said to have been an ordinary-looking Indian, but rather fat and hairy and with a habit of uttering the syllables "muh" between his words. The bullsnake had been an excessively thin Indian, with shifty eyes, a fleet runner. The coyote, the most popular animal, was declared still to resemble an Indian man, though it was admitted, his hands had become paws, his nose projected rather far, his lips were black and he had grown a tail.

The medicine men used to say the coyote still had human speech, though he uttered little yelps between his words. This creature was credited with magic powers.

Clock Made Wholly of Glass Except Springs

A Bohemian glass polisher has performed a wonderful feat in the glass industry. He constructed a clock, which, with the exception of the springs, is made entirely of glass. The glass plates and pillars of this extraordinary timepiece are bolted together with glass screws. The dial plate hands, shafts and cog wheels are all glass, and glass wedges and pins are used for fastening the various parts of the running gear.

All parts are ground to the average proportions of the metal parts of other clocks of the same size. The teeth of the cog wheels are cut with minute exactness, only the balance wheel being heavier and thicker than it is in an ordinary clock. The key with which the clock is wound is also of glass. Many of the parts had to be made over and over again before a clock that would go and keep time was produced.—The Pathfinder.

Prison Built by Convicts

The work of convicts and other prisoners is not allowed to compete with the work of honest men, but prisoners may surely be allowed to build their own place of incarceration. That was what actually happened in the case of Wormwood Scrubs prison, says the London Tit-Bits. Before a stone or brick was laid, however, the plans had to be drawn, and this task was entrusted to a convict.

This done, the building was erected entirely by convict labor, and, as it contains 1,881 cells, built at an average cost of £70 7 shillings each, about the task and the cost were no small matters.

The total number of bricks used was 85,000,000, weighing 120,000 tons, and every brick was made by convicts. The total cost of the building was £107,000.

Happy Bermuda Has No Real Traffic Troubles

There are no traffic police on duty in Bermuda, motor cars being prohibited by law. The police are a conspicuous feature of the landscape, however, with their natty blue uniforms and the distinctive blue and white striped duty band on the left sleeve at the wrist, reminding one of the metropolitan police in London.

Those who go to Bermuda to rest usually pass the time driving round to the various sights of the islands, such as Tom Moore's house, Gibb's hill light-house, Cathedral rocks, the Lenington cave and its stalagmites, or going out to the coral reefs in a tug to be later put off in small glass-bottomed boats from which they can study the sea life below them in water which is perfectly clear, although it may be 30 or 40 feet to the bottom, says a Bermuda letter to the Brooklyn Eagle.

Every Wednesday there is a reception and 6 o'clock tea at the governor's house, to which all visitors to the islands are welcome and the military band is on duty at some place or other every day. One of the favorite resorts is Elbow beach, on the south shore, where there is only one narrow strip of coral reef between the bathers and the broad Atlantic, and waves come rolling in sometimes 20 feet high.

On account of the long narrow shape of the island the distances are usually inconvenient. For example, it is six miles from the principal hotels to the most popular golf links, and what with transportation, greens fees, caddies, luncheons, liquid refreshments and tips, \$10 a day will hardly cover the expenses at one of the more popular courses, Riddell's bay and Tucker's island. At St. George, on the other hand, which is two hours' ride by carriage from Hamilton, and where the links are not more than five minutes' walk from the hotel, the greens fees are only \$1 a day for four persons.

Little Bell Used by the Japanese Newsboy

Here and there, sometimes inconspicuously mingled with the practices of Westernism, the characteristics of the old, the romantic, the picturesque Japan remain to attract and to enthrall the foreigner. Although the Japanese newspapers are printed in strange fantastic characters, writes a correspondent of the London Times, they help to spread a veneer of the West over the Far East, but when Japan sells its newspapers the thinness of the veneer becomes at once apparent.

Here we have no roving boys rushing through traffic-crowded streets and bawling the latest tidings into the air. A special edition of an evening paper is a gogal, and the blue-clothed coddle who sells it on the streets may be eighteen years old or eighty, but his procedure is ever the same. He looms along with his "specials" (the size of half a sheet of newspaper), and for the piercing yell of the London newsboy he substitutes the ringing of a tiny handbell. And, even though there are many bells rung through every hour in every Japanese city, none can be mistaken for that of the gogal man.

The first news of the death of President Harding and news of the death of Viscount Kato were spread through the capital of Japan by the tinkling of little bells.

Apple of Discord

The Apple of Discord was a golden fruit bearing the inscription "for the fairest," which was thrown by Eris (or Discord) into the midst of the company at the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. The prize was claimed by Juno, Minerva and Venus, and was awarded to Venus by Paris, who was called in to make the award. The decision brought about the Trojan war.

English as It Is Written

A young Serbian studying in England was asked to translate the following sentence from his native tongue into English: "He gave up his life on the battlefield." With the help of a dictionary he produced the version: "He relinquished his vitality on the battlefield in a blow."—Boston Transcript.

Kiddies Have Auto

An electric automobile carrying two children and weighing less than 100 pounds has been introduced in France.

Weekly Calendar MAY 1924

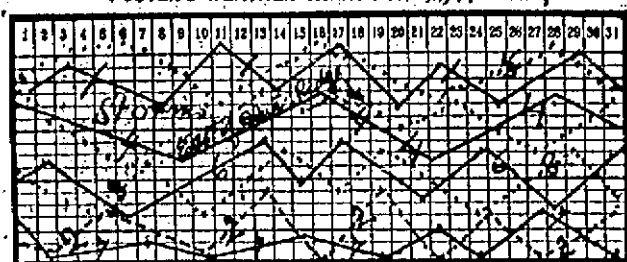
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New moon, May 3d, 6.01 evening.
First Quarter, May 11th, 9.15 evening.
Full Moon, May 18th, 4.54 evening.
Last Quarter, May 25th, 9.17 morning.

Deaths

In this city, 4th inst., Eleanor C., daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Lowrey.
In this city, 4th inst., Clara (Alman) wife of Charles J. Couper of Providence, R. I., and daughter of the late Samuel T. H. and Augusta Alman, in her 84th year.
In this city, 5th inst., Mary, widow of Peter McGinn.
In this city, 5th inst., Maude Miller Fish, wife of Henry B. Dale, in her 50th year.
In this city, May 7, Andrew J. Tabb.
In Portsmouth, N. H., 3d inst., Miguel Lopez, Jr., son of Miguel and Mary Lopez, in his 15th year.
In Middletown, 8th inst., suddenly, William G. Gifford, in his 65th year.
On April 15th, at "Branlyn," Albany road, Douglas, Isle of Man, Thomas Gerard Owen, aged 89 years.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN



Straight, heavy, horizontal lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of some days of the year for each month. Crooked lines above normal lines mean warmer; below, cooler; that marked 1 is for section 1, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 2 is for section 2, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 3 is for section 3, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 4 is for section 4, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 5 is for section 5, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 6 is for section 6, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 7 is for section 7, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 8 is for section 8, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 9 is for section 9, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 10 is for section 10, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 11 is for section 11, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 12 is for section 12, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 13 is for section 13, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 14 is for section 14, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 15 is for section 15, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 16 is for section 16, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 17 is for section 17, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 18 is for section 18, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 19 is for section 19, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 20 is for section 20, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 21 is for section 21, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 22 is for section 22, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 23 is for section 23, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 24 is for section 24, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 25 is for section 25, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 26 is for section 26, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 27 is for section 27, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 28 is for section 28, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 29 is for section 29, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 30 is for section 30, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100; that marked 31 is for section 31, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and 100.

Washington, May 10, 1924.—As a little below the ten-year average, official science headed by Dr. Ellis, the greatest shortage being wheat. The general North American crops say, noted scholar and authority, for 1925 will be considerably short. Weatherology, it relieves me of the necessity of discussing causes, and I will now begin the finishing part of my life work and let the official scientists fight out their differences as to details. While they are settling these differences I will give to North America better long-range weather forecasts than they have expected. Of course, the official scientists will give me no credit for having won the long battle for Planetary Weatherology.

June will be the best crop weather month of the year, but not as good for outdoor affairs as May. I ask that all farmers try intensive farming during balance of May and note, by end of June, the effects on the crops. I am expecting fair crops as an average of the continent, but

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BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Telegraph Office Re-locates
On account of the rental rates on Front street, the Western Union Telegraph Company has been forced to abandon their former summer office on Fountain Square and seek quarters elsewhere. A new location was secured last week in a section of the former D. B. Dodge Drug Store on Main Street, opposite the Public Market, and in the same building with the local Telephone Exchange.

The Superintendent of the Western Union sent his secretary to the Island last week and after consultation with the various hotel proprietors, the above location was decided upon and a lease of the premises secured. According to the secretary the telegraph company located at Block Island during the months of July and August and then more as a matter of accommodation to the summer visitors than as a paying investment for the company.

Case Settled Out of Court
Two weeks ago Capt. Sands Littlefield of the Coast Guard complained to Chief of Police Elmer Allen that a calico cat owed by Zeke Rose had entered the West Side Station and swallowed a ball of red yarn. As a result of the reluctance on the part of Zeke to settle for the "fruit of the loom," a lawsuit was instituted by the Captain through his attorney, Leonard Nash. Chief Allen, however, announced this morning that the case is off, as the cat in question became the proud mother of six kittens on Wednesday night and each kitten was born wearing a red sweater. The Chief turned the sweaters over to Capt. Littlefield, who has placed them on exhibition in the trophy room at the Station. Again the jinx men are doing a rushing business—so many visitors journeying to the Station that it has been found necessary to detail a special guard to keep the tourists in line.

A number of Islanders were entertained at a luncheon given at the Narragansett Hotel, Providence, last Tuesday as guests of Cy Hartman. Cy was a member of the Naval Reserve located at Block Island during the World War and won great fame as an entertainer and minstrel. He is now located on Dorrance street, Providence, where he conducts the Manhattan Toggery Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis White and Miss Gertrude White have arrived on the Island after spending the winter in Providence.

Neptune Lodge, No. 26, I. O. O. F., of Block Island, together with the local Elizabeth Rebekah Lodge, will attend Divine services at 10.45 a. m. Sunday, May 11th, at the First Baptist Church. Dr. Horace A. Roberts, pastor, will preach an appropriate sermon.

At 3 p. m. on Sunday, May 11th, a baptism will be held at Warden's Pond by the West Side Free Baptist Church. Dr. Roberts will administer the ordinance of baptism.

On May 18th the second baptism of the First Baptist Church will take place in the Ocean in front of the Hotel Royal.

Thomas Ward is erecting an electrical and radio laboratory just to the rear of his residence on High street. For the past two weeks the land has been cleared in preparation for the building.

Milton Steadman conducted the services at the Center Methodist Church last Sunday, preaching both in the morning and evening. During the evening special music was contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Doliber.

Several automobiles were tampered with again and one stolen from in front of one of the local churches during the religious services last Sunday night. The stolen auto was

Inter found after a three hours' search extending the length of the Island.

The penalty for driving off an automobile without the owner's consent is three years in prison, and according to developments in this case three persons have been found who know the guilty parties and their testimony in court will probably result in a prison sentence for somebody in the near future. The names are being withheld at the present time upon request, it being decided to let the law take its course.

Big Electric Sign
Chicago's largest electric sign contains 3,152 lights and is used to advertise a large department store. The number of electric signs throughout the United States is estimated at 250,000. More than 15,000,000 electric lamps are needed to illuminate them.

Telephones in Europe
If there were as many telephones in Europe in proportion to population as there are in the United States, Europe would have more than 62,022,000 telephones. As it is they have but 5,008,252.

Why Men Fall
Men fall as a rule because they will not pay the price for what they want; they are not willing to work hard enough to put themselves honestly into what they are doing. — Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Spectacles Old
Spectacles were invented during the Thirteenth century. Some authorities attribute them to Alessandro di Spina, a Florentine monk; others to Roger Bacon.

England's First Railway
The first railway in England was begun in 1825; in Austria and in France in 1825; in the United States in 1826; Belgium and Germany, 1835; Russia, 1838, and Italy in 1839.

Good Comparison
When we see a man who can't accommodate himself to other people's points of view, we think of the farmer who wouldn't build a storm cellar because he didn't approve of cyclones.

The Poor Relative
A poor relative is like the old family dog—kick him out of one place and he immediately crawls into another.

A Lover of Flowers
"I just love fall flowers," gushed Miss Bluebelle, "particularly the hankypanky and the what-it's-name."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Clay Pipes and Cancer
The old short clay pipe is disappearing and cancer of the lips has greatly decreased in Great Britain, according to a famous surgeon.

Never Ridiculed
I have lived one hundred years; and I die with the consolation of never having thrown the slightest ridicule upon the smallest virtue.—Fontenelle.

Most Sure To
When a man goes down in the financial sea he is apt to leave a lot of wreckage floating around.

Isn't It Awful?
After life's first thirty years so much of the moonlight has to be allowed to go to waste. It's awful.

At Least Once
Every married woman gives her husband credit for possessing good judgment at least once in his life.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Prepared by the Boston Office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

For Week Ending May 2, 1924

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS
Dressed Poultry was firm with limited supply of fresh dressed and under good demand. Fowl 5 lbs. 33-34c, 4-4 1/2 lbs. 33-34c, 3-3 1/2 lbs. 30-31c; chickens 6 lbs. 33-34c, 4-4 1/2 lbs. 33-34c; stags firm, large 27-30c, small 26c. Live Poultry firm, receipts light, demand active. Fowl 50c, chickens 27-29c. Butter market showed fluctuations with the decline more in sympathy with other markets than from lack of demand, but reacted late in the week. Available trading stocks have not been heavy and buyers did not hesitate to replenish their supplies. Market closes in a firm position. 32 score 33c, 30-31 score 37 1/2c, 25-29 score 36 1/2-37c, 37 score 36c. Eggs: Market has ruled fair with prices showing no change from last week at the close. Trade has been active enough to keep supplies fairly well cleaned up. Storage packed eggs have been moving better. Western: Extras 18-19c, Extra firsts 16c, Firsts 14-15c, Second 13-14c, Medium 12-13c, Small 11-12c, and brown to 11c. Storage packed extra firsts 27-27 1/2c, storage packed firsts 26-26 1/2c.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
Texas onions continued lower, closing at \$1.00-1.05 per standard crate of Yellow Bermuda. A few cases of Crystal White Wax were made at \$1.00. Old onions remain drab, with a dull market. Best sacks of New York and Mass. stock closed at \$1.25, with poorer as low as 50c. Strawberries are stronger, and show a slight improvement in quality and condition, 24 pint crates of Louisiana Klondikes closed at 16-22c per pint, and 24 quart crates at 35-40c per quart. Florida stock reactions of the market. Apples have shown but little change, and are moving very slowly. New York A24 Baldwin closed at \$3.40, and bushels \$1.00-1.25. Tannatoes of good quality and condition closed as high as \$5 for choice count, but considerable stock is ordinary to fair quality and condition, and closed at \$2.00-3.00. 21bs are selling at \$3.00-3.60 for good stock. Cabbage is slightly weaker. Texas barrels closed at \$1.25-1.50, with a few best at \$1.50. Alabama crates of pointed type weakened to \$5. A few sales of Texas barrel crates were made at \$1.25-1.50. Cantaloupes are still in slow demand, and stock is showing poor to ordinary condition, best Mexican crates closed at \$3, with decayed stock as low as \$1.50. Artichokes are in heavy supply and closed weaker at \$1.00-1.25 for Calif. boxes. The market has been over-supplied for the past week with a consequent sharp decline in price. Asparagus is much stronger, very large sizes of Bo. Carolina closing at \$7.50-8.50, medium fancy at \$7.00-7.50, and small at \$4.50-5.00. A few crates of New Jersey stock arrived during the week. Texas carrots are slightly stronger, closing at \$3.25-3.50 per bushel. Beets are also stronger, closing at \$2.00-2.50 per bushel. Celery is stronger. Florida crates in the rough closed at \$1.50-2.00 on all sizes. Lettuce shows but little change, and most stock is only ordinary condition. Calif. crates iceberg closed at \$2.50-3.50.

Gov. Cox of Massachusetts signed a bill giving the ballot law commission discretionary power to reject an initiative or referendum petition if evidence is produced showing signatures have been obtained by fraud. In 1922 there were many complaints that signatures were forged on some of the petitions.

The missing will of Clarence M. Pratt, leaving the major part of his estate for the founding of a home for aged men in Fitchburg, Mass., has been found by Atty. Alvah M. Levy, who recently granted permission by the court to open trunks, rip up carpets and tear open bedding. He found the missing document in a secret compartment in Mr. Pratt's desk through information given by a former employee of Mr. Pratt.

There were 333,746 visitors to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, last year. This is 53,000 more than in 1922, and in the annual report just issued, Pres. Morris Gray says this increase is "attributable to the growing importance of the exhibitions and the growing interest of the public." The list of annual subscribers has grown from 1,667 in 1919, to 2812 in 1923, with subscriptions amounting to \$57,165.50 in 1923 as against \$37,484.50 in 1919. The total income from all sources last year was \$212,975.80 and the total expenses were \$255,935.54, making a deficit of \$42,959.74. Such a deficit has to be made up from the Museum funds.

Large public service steam plants supplemented by water power in Canada, if proper arrangements can be made with the Canadian government, are the sources from which the great bulk of the power for the additional requirements of New England must come, in the opinion of the power investigating committee of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts. The estimated amount of undeveloped water power available in New England, if developed for complete utilization of the flow available 60 per cent. of the time, is about 4,830,000 Kw. H. in an average year. Of this total it is estimated that nearly 3,000,000,000 Kw. H. (nearly all of which would be generated in Maine) would be delivered to industries taking large amounts at a cost from 0.7 to 1.5 cents per Kw. H.; but the Maine laws prohibit the export of power. The total capacity of all central station plants in New England is 2,047,000 kilowatts.

By-Laws and plans of procedure for co-operative milk marketing organization to cover all New England, to be incorporated for \$5,000,000 under the New Hampshire laws, were drawn up by a planning committee, which met at the State House, Boston. The capitalization was authorized for the purchase of the country facilities for handling the milk now owned by the dealers and for the purchase of such co-operative plants as seems desirable. The option is provided for lease of plants where the local stockholders desire.

MRS. I. B. LAUGHLIN

Diplomat's Wife
Lives In Athens

Mrs. Irwin Boyle Laughlin, wife of the United States minister to Greece.

ASK INQUIRY INTO
U. S. NAVY WEAKNESSKing Calls for Sweeping Investigation to Find if Fleet Is Below
5-5-3 Arms Pact Ratio.

Washington.—Senator King of Utah introduced in the Senate a resolution calling for a full investigation into the condition of the naval establishment. At the same time two resolutions inquiring into the condition of the navy were introduced in the House.

The resolutions are the outgrowth of recent disclosures and allegations with respect to the navy, especially those to the effect that it has fallen below the 5-5-3 ratio, and that it is defective in many respects.

Senator King, who is a member of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, announced he would press his resolution and said his purpose was to modernize the navy and bring it up to date. He has long held that in respect to seagoing submarines, aircraft, swift cruisers, and in other respects the navy is far behind the times.

Under the terms of Senator King's resolution a joint committee consisting of four members of the House Naval Affairs Committee, and four Senators, members of a like committee, would be authorized not only to investigate the present condition of the naval establishment thoroughly, but would inquire whether the so-called capital ships ratio of 5-5-3, as agreed on by the Washington disarmament conference, is being maintained, or is exceeded by the other signatory powers.

Acceptance of Senator King's resolution also would ascertain the number and description of naval vessels in the establishments of foreign powers, and would inquire of the Navy Department whether adequate attention has been given to the construction of submarines, airplanes and other auxiliary craft.

Representative Britten of Illinois, Republican, member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, and Representative Rogers, Republican, of Massachusetts, and a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, introduced similar resolutions in the House.

WORLD NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

LONDON.—Despite Ulster's objection to reopening the boundary question, the Irish Free State has appointed John McNeill as its representative on the boundary commission.

BALTIMORE.—Coolidge easily carried Maryland in primaries over "uninstructed delegation."

CLEVELAND.—U. S. Chamber of Commerce, in convention at Cleveland, lines up against soldier bonus.

PRINCETON.—Sixty-five students were graduated by Princeton Theological Seminary. The class is the largest in the last ten years.

PARIS.—Etienne Oehmichen, French engineer-aviator, flew more than one kilometer in a helicopter. He remained in the air seven minutes and forty seconds.

BERLIN.—While complete returns show Germany has accepted the Dawes report, gains made by Junkers show National Party must be won over before it is adopted.

LONDON.—Discrimination against Americans in India because of U. S. exclusion clause aired in Commons.

NEW YORK.—Trustees of Columbia ignore protests against Dr. Butler's contention prohibition is failure.

NEW YORK.—An offer to lease Dam No. 2 and the nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals for a period of fifty years at a minimum guarantee of \$120,000,000 has been made to the Secretary of War, according to an announcement made by the Union Carbide Company.

NEW YORK.—Y. M. C. A. divided on question of allowing non-evangelical members to vote. Action of woman's organization arouses comment.

BRUSSELS.—Belgium holds out hope France can be induced to quit Ruhr soon after application of the Dawes plan.

DAWES PLAN WINS
IN GERMANYSocialists, Centrists, Democrats
and People's Party Hold Clear
Majority of Eighty Seats.

GAINS OF COMMUNISTS BIG

Nationalists May Also Favor Ex-
perts' Program When Reichstag
Acts—Expects to Have 280 De-
puties Out of 475 In Reichstag

BERLIN.—Control of the new Reichstag by the moderate parties—the Peoples' Party, the Democrats, the Centrists and the Socialists—appears assured on the basis of returns from the national elections held in Germany. A clear majority of eighty seats seems certain for the moderates.

This means that the "big coalition" government will become an actuality, and that the Dawes report probably will be accepted by the Reich as a basis for effecting a swift and final solution of the reparations problem.

Tremendous gains have been made by the Communists, who appear to have captured about fifty seats previously held by the Socialists. The Nationalists, on the other hand—the extremist group on the other side, who have been campaigning on a platform calling for rejection of the Dawes report—while they have registered considerable gains, have fallen far short of achieving their pre-election expectations.

The most rapid of all the Nationalist group, the Deutsch-Völkische element, representing the Ludendorff-Hitler persuasion of sentiment, has made an especially bad showing.

Following is the probable composition of the new Reichstag, on the basis of returns thus far tabulated:

Socialists	100
Communists	50
Nationalists	90
Democrats	40
Centrists	70
Peoples' Party	50
Deutsch-Völkische	30
Bavarian Peoples' Party	15

This gives the middle parties a total of 260 seats, or a majority of eighty over the opposition of the combined Right and Left.

Such a majority would not, however, be sufficient to insure approval of all the features of the Dawes document. For acceptance of some of these, particularly those applying to railway administration, a two-thirds vote of the Reichstag is necessary. Indications are, however, that the situation may be saved by the Nationalists, who in the latter days of the election campaign considerably modified their anti-Dawes plan stand and who now, when the crucial test comes, may swing with the Moderates on the crucial portions of the experts' program.

One factor making such Nationalist action likely is the pressure being brought to bear by the industrialists and agrarians—the elements that have chiefly supplied the Nationalists with funds in the past—who are now solidly out for acceptance of the Dawes program. Indeed, there is a possibility that, by refraining from voting on some of the clauses, the Nationalists will make possible acceptance of the Dawes program in all its features by a two-thirds vote.

In exchange for such action, however, their plan is to demand that the middle parties refrain from including the Socialists in the new Cabinet, forming their coalition on the basis of a bourgeois bloc.

Only a few disturbances were reported in and outside of Berlin. The voting in the occupied areas proceeded without obstruction. A very large Socialist and Communist vote was registered in the Ruhr, Saxony, Thuringia, and the industrial districts of Greater Berlin. In the local residential precincts the German Nationalists and the Ludendorff party led the others.

An amusing feature of the announcement of election returns in Berlin was that the widely heralded radio megaphones, which were to announce them, failed to work properly, so that ordinary human voices had to be substituted to give returns to eager crowds around the newspaper offices.

KING SIGNS RUM TREATY

Britain Registers Contract With
League of Nations.

Washington.—Signing of the new treaty with Great Britain, known generally as the 12-mile treaty, by the King of England is looked on here as a formality in the process of completing and exchanging ratifications. As a matter of fact, the treaty has been in operation ever since it was ratified by the Senate. Britain will register the compact with the League of Nations.

SIGN HONDURAS PEACE TREATY

Central American Representative Wit-
ness Compact.

San Salvador.—A treaty of peace was signed at Amapala by the three discordant political factions in Honduras and representatives of the Central American nations.

The document was signed in the presence of Sumner Welles, who was sent to Honduras by President Coolidge to mediate in the situation. The signatures were affixed to the treaty on board the U. S. cruiser Milwaukee.

PATRICK E. CROWLEY

From Messenger Boy
To Central's President

Patrick E. Crowley, who half a century ago quit his father's farm at Cattaraugus, N. Y., to become a messenger boy; has been elected president of the New York Central lines.

DEMOCRATS SURTAX
VOTED INTO TAX BILLSeven Radical Republicans Help
Democrats Pass High Surtax
and Low Normal Levies.

Washington.—The much-discussed Mellon tax plan was laid at rest by the Senate's adoption of the entire Democratic income tax substitute.

The minority's schedule of surtax rates was approved, 45 to 40, while its revision of normal rates was adopted, 44 to 37. The Republican insurgents joined with the Democrats in supporting the entire program. The Senate was sitting in committee of the whole, so that the schedule will come up again.

Chairman Smoot, of the Finance Committee, said that when the bill came up for final passage, he would propose a compromise, as was done in the House after the Democratic program first had been approved there. He is hopeful that the Senate will accept the compromise as the House did.

The surtax rates written into the bill provide for a reduction of the present maximum of 40 per cent and for corresponding revisions all along the line. They are almost similar to those adopted by the House.

The normal rates accepted were two per cent on the first \$4,000 of income; four per cent on the second \$4,000, and six per cent on all above \$8,000. This compares with the present rates of four per cent on the first \$4,000 and eight per cent above that amount.

In adopting the Democratic substitute, which was offered by Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, the Senate moved with startling rapidity. The first vote came within a little more than an hour after consideration of the tax bill had been resumed. The others followed in rapid succession.

Thirty-five Democrats, seven insurgent Republicans and one Farmer-Labor member supported the surtax rates proposed by Senator Simmons. Two Democrats—Senators Bruce, of Maryland, and Edwards, of New Jersey—opposed them. The vote on the Simmons normal rates was a slight variation from this.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Senators told modification of New Haven decree followed private conference in chambers of Judge May, arranged by Daugherty's financial adviser.

New Franco-Japanese treaty seen as aid to France, but Washington cannot figure out where Japan is helped.

U. S. Supreme Court rules a citizen is liable for income taxes on income from property outside the United States.

Senate Postoffice Committee reports bill to increase carriers' salary \$300 a year.

The insurgent Democratic bloc in the House defeats administration forces in bringing Barkley rail bill on floor and limiting debate to three hours.

Country, in view of recent tragic events, wants Vice Presidential nominees of Presidential timber.

Senate passes the bill providing for codification and revision of laws of Veterans' Bureau.

The American reply to the Canadian note of protest against lowering the level of the Great Lakes to provide Chicago with drainage water is still held up.

Telegrams voicing support pour into White House on Coolidge's veto of Bursum pension bill, indicating country's disapproval of bonus measure now before President.

Coolidge veto of Tax Bill predicted if publicity of incomes and increase in estate tax are included.

Republican Senators on Foreign Relations Committee doom favorable action on world court in this Congress.

Daugherty prepares to resist every effort of the Senate committee in its investigation of the Justice Department.

COOLIDGE BARS
ARMS FOR CUBANSPresident Grants Request of
Zayas and Lays Embargo on
Shipments Reported Ready.

WILL SELL TO GOVERNMENT

Ambassador Is Expected to Request
Airplanes, Rifles and Munitions
From U. S.—Warships Patrol
Coasts for Smugglers.

Washington.—President Coolidge issued a proclamation establishing an embargo against the shipment of arms and war munitions to Cuba. Secretary Hughes authorized the statement that the action was taken because the Cuban Government, in view of the revolutionary movement in the province of Santa Clara, had brought "the condition of violence existing in Cuba formally to the attention of the American Government," and asked that such a proclamation be issued.

"The revolutionary outbreak in Santa Clara province," said the announcement, "was also reported to the department by the American Ambassador in Havana, and the department was also advised that certain arms and munitions were being accumulated in various parts of Florida for possible export to Cuba, to be used in an insurrection."

The proclamation, which makes an exception in favor of the exportation of such arms and munitions as are approved by the Government for shipment to the Government of Cuba, was as follows:

By the President of the United States of America.

A proclamation:

Whereas Section 1 of a joint resolution of Congress, entitled a "joint resolution to prohibit the exportation of arms and munitions of war from the United States to certain countries and for other purposes," approved Jan. 31, 1922, provides as follows:

"That whenever the President finds that in any American country, or in any country in which the United States exercises extraterritorial jurisdiction, conditions of domestic violence exist which are or may be promoted by the use of arms or munitions of war procured from the United States, and makes proclamation thereof, it shall be unlawful to export, except under such limitations and exceptions as the President prescribes, any arms or munitions of war from any place in the United States to such country until otherwise ordered by the President or by Congress."

And whereas it is provided by Section 11 of the said joint resolution that "whoever exports any arms or munitions of war in violation of Section 1 shall on conviction be punished by fine not exceeding \$10,000 or by imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both":

Now, therefore, I, Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States of America, acting under and by virtue of the authority conferred in me by the said joint resolution of Congress, do hereby declare and proclaim that I have found, as has been formally represented to this Government by the Government of Cuba, that there exist in Cuba such conditions of domestic violence which are or may be promoted by the use of arms or munitions of war procured from the United States as contemplated by the said joint resolution; and I do hereby admonish all citizens of the United States and every person to abstain from every violation of the provisions of the joint resolution above set forth, hereby made applicable to Cuba, and I do hereby warn them that all violations of such provisions will be vigorously prosecuted.

Done at the City of Washington this second day of May in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and forty-eighth.

(Seal) CALVIN COOLIDGE.

By the President:
CHARLES E. HUGHES,
Secretary of State.

DEPOSITS

April 19, 1923	April 19, 1924	Increase
\$13,209,722.18	\$14,002,684.87	\$792,962.69

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

A LITTLE MONEY SAVED REGULARLY

and invested safely, grows astonishingly over a period of years. It will surprise you to see how much you can accumulate by depositing weekly or monthly with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders

Promptly

Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods

Are Pure

Absolutely

NEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORMNews of General Interest
From the Six States

Workmen excavating in the cellar at the old Colonnade block on Main street, Greenfield, Mass., where an elevator is to be installed, unearthed 12 quart bottles of wine after digging five feet under ground.

The presidential primary election in Haverhill, Mass., was the most expensive in the history of this city. Only 693 men and 121 women voted out of a total registration of about 17,000. The cost to the city was \$220 or each of the 511 votes cast.

A real daughter of the American Revolution, Mrs. Sarah Bosworth Bradley of Eastford, Conn., reached the age of 106 years April 30. Entering on her 107th year she is energetic and her physical activity is amazing, for her mind is clear, and the only handicaps she encounters are lack of clear vision and a slight deafness. These impairments have come in her faculties since her centennial year. Born in Eastford, April 30, 1818, Mrs. Bradley has always lived in that little town, which is now less in population than it was 75 years ago.

Frank Plumley, international lawyer, former congressman from Vermont and for half a century a leader in the political affairs and legal life of Vermont, died at his home in Northfield. In falling health since early this year, he was stricken ill four weeks ago. He was 79 years old. Mr. Plumley, who was a trustee of Norwich University, lecturer on international law and vice-president, won international note when he was named umpire of the mixed claims commissions of Great Britain and Venezuela and Holland and Venezuela.

Mr. and Mrs. Eber Lashua of Ashounham, Mass., who were married in Troy, N. H., during the civil war, have just celebrated their 51st wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Lashua have what is believed to be one of the largest families of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren in New England. They were the parents of 18 children, 11 of them now living, and have 74 grandchildren living, as well as 11 great-grandchildren.

One half of Tinker Island in Blue Hill Bay, Me., has been acquired by the University of Maine for the study of problems in connection with raising small fur bearing animals. The island will also be used as a training camp for executives for summer camps, the announcement said. A tract of five acres adjoining Lafayette National park, Bar Harbor, has been leased for a summer station for instruction and research in plant and animal biology.

REVOLT IN CUBA SPREADS

Government Has Sent Soldiers In
Pursuit of Rebels.

Havana.—The revolutionary movement which started in the province of Santa Clara has spread to Oriente Province. Approximately 150 men revolted in the historic little town of Baire, about 40 miles northwest of Santiago de Cuba. It was at Baire the last revolution against Spanish rule in Cuba was begun in 1895. The government sent soldiers in pursuit of the rebels.

FIRM FOR DRY LAW

Methodist Episcopal Church Against
Modification.

Springfield Mass.—All agitation to modify or repeal the prohibition laws have failed and will fail, declared the address of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was read before 4,000 persons who crowded the great Municipal Building here.

The address was broadcast, and thousands of listeners as far as the Middle West were able to hear it.

CUTICURA

Helps You To Have
Luxuriant Hair

The use of Cuticura Soap for shampooing the hair, preceded by touches of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff, itching or irritation, will keep the scalp clean and healthy and promote hair growth.

Sample Free by Mail. Ask for "Cuticura Labels" Dept. 17, Malden, Mass. Sold every-where. See the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Try our new Shaving Stick.

FACING DEATH SENTENCE

By DUFORD JENNE

(© 1924, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

McBride watched the face of the young man opposite him as he made the announcement, but except for a slight darkening of the eyes there was no suggestion of the force with which the words struck.

"Mr. Leland, you will go tomorrow morning to Tahori to look after our interests there. Arrangements have been made; all you have to do is to sail. Here are your sealed orders. Open them on the high seas, and there will be no chance of our competitors finding out what you are to do!"

"Tahori!" McBride knew, and he knew that Leland knew, that the place was a pesthole of disease, that a white man's chance of life in such a place was about equal to the famous celluloid dog's in the place that is said to be paved with good intentions.

McBride's ears should have burned, for as Leland left the private office and went down the aisle of the outer room, Whalen, the assistant manager leaned across to the office manager.

"There goes young Leland—and he's just found out how heartless old McBride can be. He's sending the boy to Tahori—South America, you know. Sentenced the boy to death!" Whalen said grimly.

"But why under the sun should the old man do that?" the other queried.

"Reason enough—if you know McBride as I know him. His daughter Arley, has fallen in love with Leland. The old man did his best to keep them apart, but—well, they're in love. Now McBride is desperate—had some wonderful plans for her. In fact, he wants her to marry young Stetson. If she did, that would bring the Stetsons into the firm, and McBride could out-corner the market. Things have been coming to a head; each of the kids refused to give up the other. So he's taken this way to get rid of Leland. If he ever comes out of Tahori alive, he'll be a physical wreck. There's more than one way of getting rid of a man you don't want around."

"But it doesn't seem as if—"

"I know—and I know the old man is unscrupulous as the devil. But, hold on, I'm talking too much. I made out the boy's papers, see? And McBride as much as told me what he was up to. He is simply determined that Arley does not become Mrs. Leland—and she won't! Keep all this quiet, remember."

If McBride's ears did not burn in his office, they at least heard something when he reached home that evening; for hardly before he had arranged himself comfortably with his evening paper, Arley sought him out.

She stood before him, a slight light of the library lamps making her brown hair shimmer with elusive lights.

"Father," she said, quietly, "I must see Dick—I simply must. He has kept his word, to keep away from me—just as he promised you he would. But I know he loves me, and—oh—I know I love him!"

"Look here, honey. Leland is a dreamer and poor. He's of use to us, because in our importing work we need some one who is handy with foreign languages. But he will never amount to anything. I want you to marry—"

"You don't understand—"

"Oh, I guess I do, all right." He smoked his cigar musingly for a moment. "I tell you. You can see him tomorrow night."

"You—do—you mean it?" she cried, her dark eyes alight.

"Why—er—yes," he said, a bit sheepishly.

She left him with a happy step. He listened as it tripped down the hall.

"Confound it!" he muttered to himself. "I can't have her marrying that boy!—and I guess she won't! There'll be a long distance between him and her by tomorrow night; and she'll learn to forget—they all do in time. Then I'll have to make up for fooling her—a bit mean, that was," he added, turning to his paper.

The next evening, when he reached home, he found that the game of love is not played like the game of business. He had barely stepped into the house when his wife came to him, breathless and frightened.

"John, I've been in the city shopping, and I just found this in Arley's room. It's a note. She says you've sent Leland to Tahori—to get rid of him—and she's gone with him. Oh, John, she's found out! And that terrible place—why, I've heard you say it was a death hole for white men. Now she's going and he with her. She says you sent Leland—John, are you as heartless as that? Did you do such a thing?"

He put his arm over her trembling shoulder. "Mother, I am heartless—nobody ever gave me a helping hand in old and bitter days; but I'm not so bad as you think. Listen: I told Leland I was sending him to Tahori. I thought the boy with his poet's face was a coward. He never batted an eye when I told him. Said he would go. I thought he would get off—but evidently he didn't, and Arley was game enough to go with him. Well, I guess they put something over on me. Probably got married in a rush."

"But Tahori, John—"

He laughed. "Those kids have spunk, all right. No, dear, I am not sending Leland to Tahori. He had some sealed orders he is to read on shipboard, and those orders will take him to some pleasant places in the In-

dies. Great Scott! I thought he would see the joke when he read the orders; but it looks as if the joke was on me! I certainly didn't intend to send him on his honeymoon! But I'd about made up my mind Arley would marry him, dad or no dad. Say, let's wireless them our blessing! That'll be the best way to show I've surrendered—and I sure have!"

Reveals Some Mysteries of Jap Ladies' Coiffures

While one or two ornamental pins may be stuck into the hair of the Chinese or Japanese woman, they are at best only added attractions, and all the work of keeping the complicated coil and elaborate structure firmly in place is done by one pin and one pin only. The hair-dressing of the Oriental lady has long been the subject of much marveling on the part of all Occidental travelers, including a correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* of London, who describes some of the mysteries for the benefit of interested western women.

Oil of camellia, castor, or some other perfumed lubricant is applied freely while the hair is in process of being combed. This combing, as well as the final arranging, is hardly ever done by the well-born woman herself, but by her waiting maid. The hair is brought to a perfection of black satiny gloss and smoothness in which a stiffening of gum plays no small part. It is then bound tightly close to the head with a silk cord, coiled, and the ends tied with silk. It is then twisted into the desired knot and the famous single pin deftly slipped through the center, maintaining the whole.

No matter how thick and heavy the tresses may be, the one spoon-shaped "pin" does the trick. It is sometimes of gold, sometimes of silver, or beautiful enamels, or even of rare jade. Sometimes one "jewel" stud the pin. The pin is an important feature in the life of the Chinese girl, who "puts up" her hair in regular grown-up style when she is eighteen years old.

Few Chinese brides on their marriage, says the writer, possess more than two of these ornaments, one of which will be for everyday use and one for great occasions. A wealthy lady in mourning wears a pin encrusted with pearls. Poor women use a mourning pin of plain polished wood.

Even high-class ladies do not go through the tedious of a complete elaborate toilet daily and the hair is allowed to remain "up" for two or three days at least. A little more oil may be added at intervals to keep the satin smoothness, but that is all. Sleeping as they do with a little wooden "pillow" shaped to fit under the nape of the neck, the hair-dressing is not disturbed.

With the coming of the motion picture cheap pins, with imitations of the older enamel and jewels, are coming more into use in the East, as is also the case with traveling. The women of the East are fond of the movies, and thieves found it easy to extract the pins from their hair at a crucial moment in an exciting film, the same being true in the confusion incident to the arrival or departure of trains.

Ordered Bread Left on His Tomb for the Poor

"Twenty shillings' worth of bread to be given on this stone to the poor of the town on the second day of February forever."

These words are on the tombstone of George Carlow, a Woodbridge Suffolk (England) corn broker, who died in 1738.

The ceremony was observed for 184 years, but this year, for the first time within living memory, it was carried out over the actual vault where Carlow was buried. No one could say exactly where the vault was until Cecil Paget, owner of the Bull Inn, built nearly 700 years ago, recently discovered one in his stables and found the coffin of Carlow. The stables stood on the ground that was prepared before his death.

"He left no money to provide the bread," added Mr. Paget, "and although it is a permanent charge on the owner of the property, the condition has always been observed. No one can say why the tombstone is so far away from the vault."

The bread-giving ceremony, which is carried out in the presence of the vicar and church wardens, consists of prayers and address, after which 120 quarter loaves are distributed to the poor.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A Go-Between

There was a pretty city damsel spending the summer on the R. F. 11 route and the village postmaster was a little afraid she might damage the heart of his youthful carrier. So he called the young man in for a conference.

"Now, Abner, don't take that summer boarder too seriously."

"I won't."

"She may mean no harm," continued the postmaster, "but she's a bit of a flirt. I know for a fact that she has love and kisses sent her from three city fellows."

"That's all right," said the young carrier. "All I do is deliver 'em."

Has It Come to This?

There has just come to Honolulu the story of the maid who went to the lady of the house and said she feared she would have to find another place.

"But why?" her alarmed employer asked. "Because," the maid replied, "I fear your husband is losing his mind. I found him on his hands and knees in the living room, and when I asked him what he was doing he said he was looking for the East Wind."—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

BECOMES WEALTHY BY RAISING CATNIP

Long Islander Raises Family on Profits From Crops.

Many there are who know the catnip man of Paddy's market, now past threescore and ten, an exchange says. He has a snug fortune and a house out on Long Island because he knows how to enter to eat aristocracy. Most persons think catnip is just catnip, just as there were certain ones in olden days who spoke of "opening wine." There are qualities of catnip just as there used to be Burgundy and Graves and Chateau Yquem.

When he first went into the business of providing the delicacy for the pampered favorites of catdom, the catnip man had only a basket and a smiling face. He knew, however, the banks where the sweet herbs grew.

He was not content to serve ordinary leaves, so to speak, but he went in for high-class "first chop." There are many persons who own estates on Long Island. They did not care if the man who ministered to the happiness of cats did stop beneath their hedges or walk about the private grounds to gather up his wares.

He soon found a way to force or cultivate catnip with extra large leaves. Whenever he found a little bed of the herb growing luxuriantly of itself he thinned it out so as to give the hardest of the plants more room. If the quality of the plant was good but the soil not up to his standard, he brought a basket of fertilizer and improved the bearing qualities.

On certain days the catnip man makes the rounds of the stores where cats are for sale with a basket filled with bunches of selected, highly cultured leaf. He never gives just the run of the bed. Every sprig is hand sorted after it is hand picked. When winter comes and the supply is more scarce, he has cured catnip ready. It is no drug store herb, all pressed into a cake, but is full-flavored leaf.

His sales may seem to be small, yet many of the largest dealers buy this catnip at wholesale. When he sells in Paddy's market and in that neighborhood about Ninth avenue and Forty-second street, he gives good, liberal portions and makes speedy sales—especially in winter. By supplying the tonic for felines all the year round and building up a clientele the catnip man soon found that he was slowly but surely accumulating a fortune. He built a house on catnip "revenue," bought some land on catnip, "and on catnip he brought up a large family and educated them."

Safety of Banks

National banks are chartered by the federal government and are subject to supervision by the comptroller of the currency, who has authority to close a bank if his examiner finds that it has impaired its capital. State banks and trust companies operate under the authority of the state and are subject to supervision by the state bank commissioner, just as national banks are supervised by the federal comptroller of the currency. Periodic examinations of both classes of banks are made. If undesirable securities are found or unsafe methods of business are disclosed, the bank commissioner or the comptroller, as the case may be, generally gives directors and stockholders an opportunity to correct abuses and make good on poor securities before taking the more drastic action of closing the bank. Generally speaking, there is no difference in the safety of state and national banks.

No Objections

"A man and his wife visited a seaplane boarding-house to engage rooms for the holidays. Everything seemed satisfactory. Then the man said rather belligerently:

"Of course you don't object to children?"

"The boarding mistress laughed. "Object to children? Dear me, no!" she said. "Why, I've got nine of my own."

"The man and his wife left at once. "If we decide—er—to take the rooms," they said, "we'll—er—we'll let you know."

Wanted to Make Sure

Two Scotchmen were fishing about fifty yards apart when one of them hooked a fish and, in his excitement, fell overboard. He could not swim and quickly sank for the second time. The other Scotchman rowed toward him frantically and reached him just as he came up after that second submerging, and yelled at him:

"Sandy, if ye dinna come up after the third time can I hae yer boat?"

Another Pane

"What's the matter?" asked Joe. "T've got toothache very badly," his friend replied.

"Oh, that's nothing. I've got a good cure for that."

"What is it?"

"Oh, just throw a stone at the window opposite—"

"Yes?"

"Well, the pane will go!"

He Had the Plans

A woman visitor to a prison, in the course of a chat with a burglar, thought she detected signs of reform in him.

"And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future, on the expiration of your sentence?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the convict, hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a post office."

Oldest British Custom Revived During the War

When the war hung the world into confusion it laid its hand on the oldest custom in the British Isles, a most curious practice that had come from the far-off time of the Druids and had flourished from then without a break until the year 1915. In Burghhead, a little fishing place on the Moray firth, this custom had been practiced from the very dawn of human society. It is the strange ritual of the burning of the clavie.

The clavie is made of a half barrel roughly put together and attached to a long pole by which it is carried. A stone is used to hammer in the wooden pegs that serve for nails, for it is considered as unlawful to allow iron to touch the wood. Old tales tell how a wicker basket with a fish inside used to be burned. Perhaps when the first Druid lighted the first clavie the sacrifice was something greater than a fish. Within more recent times neither basket nor fish appear, but the clavie is filled with chips of wood and shavings plentifully sprinkled with tar. The whole mass is set on fire by means of burning peat.

With an oolskin over his shoulder, the clavie bearer lifts his burning burden on his back and sets off to the site of a Roman camp, rock promontory that thrusts itself out into the sea. Here a stone pedestal has been erected to hold the fire.

In this strange ritual Druidical and Christian customs are strangely interwoven. The lighting with peat was pagan and harks back to the sacrificial fires of Baal. The circling of the village square is from the same source. To the Druids the sun was an immediate object of worship. The use of wooden pegs rather than of iron nails and the use of a stone instead of a hammer are Christian, for the early Christian would not use the iron with which our Lord was nailed to the cross.

Why the custom lingered in quaint little Burghhead we cannot tell. In 1915 the admiralty forbade the showing of all lights seaward and the clavie was left unkindled. In 1919, however, this sole British survival of the worship of fire, the first of all religions and rituals, was rekindled.

Don't Cultivate Harsh Voice

The nearest human object is the most interesting fact of a child's existence, and naturally is the first model, every detail of which is eagerly watched and copied.

It often requires the expenditure of much effort in after life to correct the unpleasant habits of voices and the facial contortions, careless diction and impediments of speech such as lisping and stammering, which are acquired from mothers or nurses during the time when every small muscle of a child's face, vocal apparatus and body were forming their very first habits.

Nothing that a mother can provide for her child's future is more important than the practice of controlling her own voice in the presence of the child, when necessary, and of distinct articulation, and of a reasonable amount of control of her facial expression. When she controls these, control of her moods will take care of itself.

From Pumice Island

Pumice Island, near Salton sea, five miles northwest of Calipatria, in southern California, contributes thirty carloads of pumice to the commerce of the world each year. Pumice Island was once an island in Salton sea, but now, three miles inland, it is entirely surrounded by dry land. However, it retains its old name on local maps. Only a few years ago it was nothing more than a volcanic peak, rising above the waters of the inland sea, but the waters have been receding so rapidly that it now stands three miles back from the shore.

Mocking Bird

A doctor and his Irish coachman were driving past a duck pond when the coachman said: "O! hate them birds, sorr."

"Why should you hate the poor creatures, Pat?" asked the doctor. "I'm sure they never do you any harm."

"Sure, sorr, don't you hear them mocking you? You alver pass them but they call 'quack, quack, quack'!"

One on the Boss

"What does this mean, sir?" said the boss to the man coming in a half-hour late.

"It was on account of the awful fog this morning, sir," the fellow explained.

"Fog, fog!" expostulated the boss. "Why, what has the fog to do with it? You do not live across the bay."

"No, sir. I know I don't; but you do, and I thought you would be late."

Aunt Het.

"Fixin' a roast duck is a sight of trouble, but I always feel repaid when pa asks the blessing in that enthusiastic way."

Good Old Days, Etc.

Sighing for the good old days also includes a conviction that you could enjoy them twice as much, knowing what you do now.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HEIRS OF AN INDIAN CHIEF ASK \$100,000

Small Amount Deposited in 1859 Grown to Fortune.

St. Paul, Minn.—For more than 60 years the spirit of Little Crow, Sioux Indian chieftain, has rested peacefully in the repose of his warriors, but his dealings with the white man still bear fruit.

A son and daughter and granddaughter of Chief Little Crow today are seeking to establish their claim to the principal and interest on \$2,000 which, they claim, was deposited by Chief Little Crow in 1859 in the First National bank of this city. The warlike chief subsequently left the peace councils and took the warpath against the encroaching whites. He became an outlaw and his money in the bank never was touched, it is claimed.

Odd Story of Lost Legacy.

The certificate of deposit still is in existence, and the money with its thousands of dollars in accumulated interest is waiting possession, according to Mrs. G. Blue Cloud of Minneapolis, a granddaughter and heir to Chief Little Crow.

It is a long and strange story of a lost legacy Mrs. Blue Cloud tells, a legacy born of war, massacre and bloody Indian trails.

The legacy now amounts approximately to \$100,000 with interest compounded annually at 4 per cent, it has been estimated.

Following the treaty of 1851, in which lands west of the Mississippi river were ceded to the United States by the Indians, Chief Little Crow received a government allotment of \$2,000. This was deposited in the First National bank of this city in 1859, Mrs. Blue Cloud says.

Gave Certificate to Friends.

"The death of Chief Little Crow occurred in 1863, after the massacre of 1862," Mrs. Blue Cloud explained. "He left a certificate of deposit in the hands of friends. Later it was turned over to friends of the chief, and now, we believe, is in the possession of a grandnephew of the chief. His name is Henry Westman and he lives in Santee, Neb."

Eight years ago, according to Mrs. Blue Cloud, proceedings were started in Nebraska to clear up claims to the deposit certificate. Moses Wakeman and Hannah Red Earth, both of Peever, S. D., son and daughter of Chief Little Crow and Mrs. Blue Cloud, granddaughter, made claims as preferential heirs. The investigation dragged for several years, but nothing came of it. Mrs. Blue Cloud claims the certificate of deposit is still in possession of Mr. Westman.

Many weary months has Mrs. Blue Cloud passed in her efforts to establish the claims of herself and the uncle and aunt in Peever. Her own home is in Granite Falls, Minn., but she has come to the Twin Cities where she has made a living doing Indian handwork.

Chief Born Near St. Paul.

Chief Little Crow was born near the present site of this city in the Indian village of Kaposia. He was chief of the Kaposia tribe. At first he followed the footsteps of his father and lived at peace with the white man. After the treaty of 1851 he began to manifest a spirit of restlessness and a growing feeling of hatred for the whites. Finally he joined an uprising in 1862, when the Indians left the reservation allotted to them in northern Minnesota. There was a general massacre of the whites August 18, 1862, in which 1,000 were slain. The Indians were defeated and dispersed by Gen. Henry W. Sibley at Wood Lake, Minn., September 23, 1862.

Little Crow fled with a small band to Canada. Believing it was his duty to his tribesmen he returned in 1863 and led a war party of Indians into Minnesota. A white settler and his son shot Little Crow to death at Hutchinson, Minn., receiving a reward of \$1,000, which had been placed on his head.

The chief's scalp was taken and is now in the collection of the Minnesota State Historical society.

Wisconsin Blacksmith Becomes Inventor at 75

Platteville, Wis.—John Piquette, aged seventy-five, veteran blacksmith and known far and wide as a shoer of race horses, has invented a tool machine for sharpening hard steel used in bars and drills in the zinc mines. It is very simple in construction, a steel wheel driven by a power shaft doing the work. Last Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Piquette celebrated their golden wedding. He works at the anvil every day.

Bird Guilty of Arson

Charleston, W. Va.—George Sharp's McCormick street residence was slightly damaged by a blaze. "Do you know what caused the fire?" a fire department lieutenant asked Sharp. Sharp didn't, but one of his children did. An inquisitive bird pulled a string from a burning trash pile and flew to its nest in an eave of the house.

U. S. Rich in Cattle

Washington.—Over one-sixth of the world's cattle are in the United States. Even so, North America, except during the war, has been producing little more than enough to supply its own needs.

Women Act as Constables

Lima, O.—The old days when town constables were chosen because of the length of their mustaches have gone. Their disappearance is attributed to the primary voting system.

Baby Has Spent 160 Hours in Air

Stuttgart, Ark.—Robert Howard Turner of Stuttgart is only twenty months old, but has spent more than 160 hours in the air in the plane of his father, L. S. Turner, an instructor of the Curtiss Plane company. He took his first flight when six and one-half weeks old.

He usually goes to sleep while the engine of the plane is "warming up," before it leaves the ground, and sleeps until the bump that accompanies landing awakens him. If he happens to stay awake, he tries to get hold of the levers and other mechanical equipment of the plane, very much as other children might the wheel of an auto.

Girls Desert Beaches; Refuse to Wear Skirts

Rio de Janeiro.—Owing to a sudden burst of modesty on the part of the police, the thousands who enjoy the splendid surf bathing on this city's beautiful beaches have been submitted to new and severe regulations. The new rules are especially irksome to those youths and maidens who feel that they have no reason to complain of nature's handiwork.

A considerable number of bathers have been rudely yanked from the beaches because they tried to get by with "one-piece" bathing suits. In addition to paying fines, they were obliged to promise to wear them below the knee hereafter.

The frequenters of one fashionable beach were indignant at the new restrictions, and planned a unique protest. They agreed to go for their morning plunge on a certain day, the men being dressed in frock coats and high silk hats, and the women in their demurest day dresses. This scheme was accompanied by a campaign of publicity.

The police checked this move also, prohibiting the demonstration. The organizers of the protest then sought a court injunction against the police to enable them to bathe in their silk hats and everything if they wanted to. The court ruled, however, that the police were within their rights because the purpose of the protest was to ridicule established authority.

As a result of the dispute, the sea waves now wash Rio's beautiful beaches in lonesome monotony.

Young Accordion Player and Dog "Broadcasting"



Teddy Ayres, ten years old, of New York city plays the accordion, and he is shown here hitting the high notes, with his dog, Jasper, doing the same. As the dog has no idea of harmony, the neighbors object to these duets.

War Medal, \$10,000 for Heirs of Dead Soldier

Detroit.—Ten thousand dollars in war risk insurance and a Distinguished Service cross await the heirs of Edward G. Mason, born in Detroit December 16, 1890, and killed in action in France November 10, 1918, according to word received by Theodore W. Kolbe, department adjutant of the American Legion.

Mason's heirs have been sought by the United States veterans' bureau and the adjutant general's office for five years without success.

Mason enlisted January 3, 1915, and in applying for the insurance gave the name of a brother, John J. Mason, general delivery, Toledo, O., as an emergency address. Efforts to locate the brother, who is beneficiary of the insurance, or other relatives, have failed. The United States adjutant general is holding the D. S. C. for the heir or heirs. The medal was awarded Mason for bravery in action. The county clerk is searching birth records for the year 1890 for the names of Mason's parents. It is the only clue left.

Dog Plunges Into Well in Vain Attempt to Save Boy

Peoria, Ill.—Faithful efforts of "Buddie," a fox terrier dog, failed to save the life of four-year-old Martzell Kollenberger of Peoria, and the boy was drowned in a well.

The dog plunged into the well after the boy had fallen and strove desperately to save him, clawing at him and tearing at his clothing in an effort to pull him up from the water. The dog later was pulled out and was revived by artificial respiration. He had a broken leg.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WHY
ALL PERSONS desiring of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thayer.

WHY
Danish Eggs Are Popular
With the English People.

An examination made not long ago in London disclosed the fact that the largest eggs sold there came from Denmark. The Danish eggs, it appears, are the most popular as well as the heaviest. They are larger in weight than two and one-half ounces. The average American egg has been found to weigh two and two-sevenths ounces. The lightest Danish eggs weigh as much as the heaviest French eggs. This investigation classified the eggs as to country only. Some years ago American observations were taken as to breeds of hens. The North Carolina experiment station recorded the weight of eggs that several hens of well-known breeds laid during a period of six months. It was found that the largest eggs were produced by light Brahmas, the average weight being two and one-half ounces. Pullets' eggs did not exceed two ounces in weight. Eggs from Black Langshans and Barred Plymouth Rock hens weighed two and one-sixteenth ounces each, while the eggs of the Single-Comb Brown Leghorn, International Plymouth Rock, White Wyandotte and Buff Cochins all weighed less than two ounces each.—Indianapolis News.

Why Writers Allude to the "Halcyon Days"

Classical writings have many allusions to the kingfisher or halcyon, and it was believed the bird was so favored by the gods that during the two weeks preceding winter solstice, when the kingfisher was hatching her young, there prevailed a great calm, the sea being so placid that it was supposed to be floating serenely on the sea.

There was also a superstition that a dead kingfisher suspended by the bill will always turn its breast in the direction whence the wind blows, and a weather vane of this sort was often hung in the chimney corner. Sir Thomas Browne, in his book, "Enquiry into Vulgar Errors" (1612), actually made a number of experiments to test this belief, even hanging two separate birds in the same room together, and finally suspending them in "large and spacious glasses closely stopped," until he proved to his complete satisfaction that the long current superstition was unworthy of belief.—Detroit News.

Why Do the British Think Cowboys Are Too Rough

Our dear cousins in England are professing to be much shocked by the way in which cattle are handled by certain cowboys, real or professed, who are illustrating our Wild West in London by a daily exhibition which they call a "rodeo."

The spectacles presented in these shows do seem to the sensitive to have elements of cruelty, and it hardly can be questioned that the steers dislike the treatment which they receive. They are not notably delicate beasts, however, and rarely, if ever, are they seriously injured.

Incidentally, the troubled Britishers might look nearer home and consider the amenities of fox-hunting. In that there is no question whatever about the suffering of the animals when, after long chases, they are torn to pieces by dogs, and the excuse for doing it is much less than the one the cattlemen have for dealing as they do with stock in the usual course of an essential business.

We Dare Say.
When women rave about independence and emancipation, the married men who hear it are just about ready to commit harikari for losing theirs.

Buying at Auction.
The fellow who buys at auction always pays more than anyone else is willing to bid.

Aim Higher.
The best you have ever done is not good enough to be your ideal for the future.—Boston Transcript.

Best for All.
If thou art of elephant-strength or of lion-claw, still peace is, in my opinion, better than strife.—Saadi.

Unfair.
It is unfair that a dumb creature like a cat should have nine lives, while an intelligent pedestrian has only one.

Develop Barley of High Yield

Smooth-Awned Variety Being Sought by Experts of Federal Bureau.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The farm boy, the hired man and the farmer himself, for that matter, will rise to a vote of thanks and give three cheers for the scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture when they succeed in developing on a commercial scale a variety of barley that can be sown in the fall and harvested in a hot summer day without wearing a cast-iron shirt and overalls. The saw-edged heads of the many varieties of high-yielding barleys have been instrumental in keeping down the acreage of barley, and only its ability to produce a high acre yield in pounds of feed has maintained the present acreage.

Smooth-Awned Variety.
Attempts by the agronomists in charge of barley investigations for the department to develop a smooth-awned variety from the rough-awned Manchuria, which is a popular high-yielding variety, have resulted in considerable progress. Enough seed for general distribution is not yet available, however. Specimens of this smooth-awned barley are to be seen in the office of cereal investigations of the department. These awns are so smooth that they may be pulled across the face in either direction without any roughness being apparent except at the tip.

Act as Safety Valve.
In these investigations it was found unwise to eliminate the awns entirely because they serve a definite purpose. When they are removed from the growing head by clipping, the ash is deposited in the rachis, or small stem to which the kernel is attached, making it more brittle and allowing the grain to shatter easily. The awns, it seems, act as a sort of safety valve or storehouse for this excess material. It has been found more practicable to develop a variety with a smooth awn than to remove it entirely.

Smooth-awned barleys are still in the experimental stage. Several high-yielding strains adapted to different climatic conditions are ready for increase to larger plots and field culture. Whether they can compete with the rough-awned varieties remains to be determined.

Blackstrap Molasses Is Used to Fatten Steers

That there is a limit to the quantity of blackstrap molasses which can be added with economy to a ration of 8.4 pounds of cottonseed meal and 43 pounds of corn silage for fattening yearling steers was shown in a test made by the United States Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Louisiana Experiment station.

Two lots of nine 700-pound steers were fed for 112 days. Forty-six pounds of silage per steer per day was practically the limit of their capacity. Lot 1 was fed 5.42 pounds of molasses per steer daily, while lot 2 was fed 8.07 pounds of molasses per steer daily. As lot 1 gained 2.43 pounds per steer daily, while lot 2 gained only 2.41 pounds per steer daily, it is evident that 2.65 pounds of molasses was wasted daily per steer in lot 2. The results in lot 2 might have been more favorable to the use of so much molasses had the cottonseed-meal ration been reduced to 8.5 or 4 pounds. In the test, lot 1 consumed 1,880 pounds of silage, 218 pounds of cottonseed meal, and 218 pounds of molasses per 100 pounds gain, while lot 2 required 2 per cent more silage, 3 per cent more cottonseed meal, and 54 per cent more molasses to produce 100 pounds of gain.

Sunlight and New Soil Needed by Baby Chicks

Sunlight plays an important part in the growth and development of chicks, experiments conducted at the Kansas Agricultural college indicate. An outside run where the chicks are exposed to direct sunlight as soon as they learn to return to the warmth of the brooder is recommended. When hens are used for brooding, the chicks may be allowed outside from the first. Chicks two weeks old, with access to open range and plenty of green feed, may be hopped fed on dry mash.

Whole wheat and kafir may be gradually added to the grain feeds. Where possible, brooder houses and broody coops should be placed in new locations each year so as to avoid contamination from the outside runs. This sanitation provision applies particularly to the control of intestinal parasites, poultrymen advise.

Tank to Treat Potatoes Is Highly Recommended

Those who expect to treat their potatoes before planting this season would do well to make their plans for building a treating tank if one is not available. These can be made out of concrete or wood and should be constructed so that they can be easily drained. Never treat cut potatoes. Corrosive sublimate solutions are weakened rapidly where cut potatoes are treated. The corrosive sublimate treatment for 1½ hours is recommended. Complete directions can be secured from the county agent. Since an average increase of 15 to 20 per cent in yield can be produced by seed treatment, it pays the large or small grower to treat all seed.

Bulletin Discusses Diseases of Potato

Problems of Interest and Concern to All Growers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The presence of various diseases of potatoes affecting both the plant and the tuber constitutes a problem of great interest and concern to all growers. Investigations and studies made by the United States Department of Agriculture have in a large measure resulted in the development of methods for controlling these diseases to a great extent, with a saving of money and time. Although present methods are by no means perfect, yet in spite of their distinct limitations, when properly applied, they afford an effective means of raising better crops and of preventing their subsequent spoilage in cellars, in warehouses and in transit.

The brief description of each of the important potato-tuber diseases with reference to the most practical measures of control is given in a new bulletin just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, as Farmers' Bulletin 1367, Control of Potato-Tuber Diseases. The measures for the control of the various diseases, says the author of the bulletin, should be in strict conformity with the nature of the trouble and its cause. Therefore a clear conception of the peculiar characteristics of each disease is necessary for its successful combat.

The bulletin seeks to present this information in such a way that the grower and the dealer may be able to understand the various troubles and prevent them if possible or to seek the assistance of a specialist whenever troubles become perplexing or go beyond the possibilities of first-aid measures.

A copy of the bulletin may be secured, as long as the supply lasts, from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Early Seeding Advised for Big Yield of Oats

Early seeding of oats is the first essential, says the United States Department of Agriculture, for maximum yields. In most sections oats should be sown as early as it is possible to get on the land to prepare a seed bed. This crop develops best in cool weather and frequently is injured by a few hot days during the ripening period. For this reason early seeding is practically always advisable.

The date of seeding largely depends on the locality and the season. In the corn belt the best time usually is during the latter part of March or early April. In the more northern oat sections seeding wheat usually is not possible until late April. In backward and unfavorable seasons the seeding may have to be delayed until early May.

Where oats follow corn, potatoes, or other cultivated crops, the land should not be plowed as a rule, but should be disked and harrowed sufficiently to make a loose, friable seed bed about three inches deep. Spring plowing usually results in a less satisfactory seed bed, as there is not sufficient time for the soil to become well settled before seeding. Further, spring plowing is more expensive, and thus adds to the cost of production.

Combine Corn and Wheat for Flock of Chickens

While the war was on and wheat was high-priced and scarce, corn became the main grain for poultry feeding. Now "the shoe is on the other foot." In many cases it is cheaper and better nowadays to feed wheat.

Corn and wheat are really about equal in poultry feeding value, although wheat can be fed alone better than corn because the latter is more fattening. Best results are obtained when wheat and corn are combined about equally in egg-laying rations, along with other needed elements furnished by oats (sprouted or whole), ground bone or meat scraps, vegetables and green stuff.

Farm Hints

Rotten apples and poor sties go together.

Sweet clover, especially white young, cannot stand much shade.

Moth balls distributed in the runway of moles are effective in driving them away.

Alfalfa raises the value of the soil that grows it and reduces the feed bill of the animal that eats it.

Price statistics indicate that it takes about as much money to equip a farm today as it did to buy the farm 20 years ago.

In sections suited to its growth, Sudan grass yields from two to four cuttings of one to two tons each, and the hay is of excellent quality.

Buy the best in eggs and chicks even if the first cost does seem a little high. You will have more pride in your flock than if a mixture of breeds and weak stock is installed on your farm.

Gran'pa says: "I always took the most care with my vegetable garden, because I was more sure of eating some of the things that grew there than I was of getting a profit from the other crops."

Smart Two-Piece Suit, Tan and Brown Checks



This winsome two-piece suit of severe lines is worked out in a charming manner in tan and brown checks. It is quite the costume for street, shopping or business wear.

Fashion Suggestions of Interest to Women

Leading Paris couturiers predict a continued strong tendency toward plaids and are placing their orders with the Scottish woolen mills, accordingly. A new blue-gray shade, called poudre blue is being introduced, but the Scottish weavers say that it will not attain its full popularity before next fall.

For the woman who travels much, knitted silk or silk-and-cotton mixture underwear cannot be equaled for convenience, neatness or economy. Because it can, without the least damage, be rolled up and tucked away in the smallest imaginable corners of one's bag, it makes the task of packing so much easier. Then, too, knitted underwear, whether it be of silk or any other material, doesn't need to be ironed before being worn, which is quite a help to the woman living aboard a train or at a hotel.

Back in the '40s no man was admitted to a dance or other formal affair without white kid gloves. Every woman who has ever suffered the destruction of a new gown from her dancing partner's perspiring hands wishes the old days could be brought back again.

Your photograph will be more attractive if you wear gloves of mocha or suede or some other unglazed material that will not reflect the light rather than shiny kid. This is an inextinguishable rule of the "movie" studios.

Last year millinery carried a red or green stick to match her shoes. This year the sticks are black, white, brown, beige or fawn, to match her gloves.

Thin diagonals run across the ramp of some smart walking pumps on display in London. In black, on a pale tan ground, they have a zebra effect which is most arresting.

For motoring and for other sports there is a chic little hat of red kid in something between a turban and a jockey cap effect. Its visor is of transparent mica.

The shingle bob, which is becoming to well-shaped heads, is a hard thing to decorate in an evening coiffure. One shingle-bob headband is a wreath of shining, pale green leaves, worn low on the forehead, which fastens with ornamental pins on each side where the bob ends and the shingle begins.

Snappy Frocks With Gay Capes, Coats to Match

As a rival of the tailored suit, the three-piece costume, consisting of frock with cape or coat to match, is a factor to be taken into serious consideration. Each has a prominent place in the modes of the season and many women will feel that both are essential to a perfect wardrobe.

In costumes of this type both cape and coat are fairly long, reaching well below the knees. Fine twills are used when the model consists of frock and coat, but there is a decided feeling for black satin or novelty silk when a cape is worn over the gown. In one model a striking effect is gained by introducing bands of old blue crepe stitched in silk of the same shade. The dress has the chemise front that is seen so often this spring in both frocks and blouses.

Crisp Waffles

For crisp, delicious waffles the Southern culinary artists recommend this: Sift twice two level cupfuls of self-rising flour. Beat the whites of two eggs very light and the yolks until thick. Add one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk to yolks and stir in two level cupfuls of self-rising flour. Add four tablespoonfuls of melted shortening and whites of eggs; beat thoroughly. Bake at once on a hot, well-oiled waffle iron. Serve immediately with butter, honey or lasses.

Black Lace Dress for Evening Wear

Old Favorite Much in Evidence and Promises to Remain.

Lace has made a triumphant re-entry into the domains of Fashion. Merely suggested last spring, observes a fashion authority in the New York Tribune, it remained for the present season to witness it as a dominating feature of the evening mode.

Black is easily the favored color and is smartly combined with red trimmings. Chanel is a particular adherent of this combination and shows many exemplifications of it.

Cheruit also features formal frocks of black lace. An interesting dinner dress from this designer is developed in black lace over black satin. Across the front there are four tiers of accordion-plaited lace flounces, while the back of the dress is split its entire length and a soft rolling cape-like collar of the lace falls from a batwing neck.

A dress of black lace and black tulle was christened Mah Jong by the enterprising Gergette. The only touch of color on this gown, which features flowing panels hung from a low waist at the front, is an emerald green ornament placed in the center of a tulle girdle that crosses the front only.

Jenny, while featuring black lace, does not show it to the exclusion of other colors. Bright hues enliven her very attractive dinner dresses. Shirred flounces or flowing panels, either in straight or uneven lines, are inevitable with this designer on evening models of lace or chiffon.

Poirot has revived lace in a striking evening gown called Arista, consisting of heavy black satin and fine black and white lace. A notable model from Molyneux features black chintilly encrusted on white marquisette.

When the entire dress is not of lace the desired effect may be achieved by chauntilly insertions applied to tulle. Heavy open meshes are sometimes embroidered in silver threads to simulate silver lace.

In summation, it is apparent that lace, while appropriate for afternoon costume, is essentially the fabric of the evening modes—the dinner and the dancer. Chantilly for the dress, Valenciennes as a trimming and black as the overwhelmingly outstanding color are the three predominant notes.

Summer Frock of Pink and Snow-White Print



Showing practical summer frock of pink and white print, with "boy-cut" vest of white organdie and knickers. A cap of the print completes the costume.

Low Waistline Used on New Paris Models

The normed waistline, always a divertissement for the French couturier, has wandered further afield than its wont in this season of the simple silhouette, says a fashion writer in the New York Tribune. Indeed, its journeyings in some instances have entirely effaced it from the costume. Yet, on one point all Paris is in accord—the waistline cannot be an naturel.

The higher line boasts an imposing list of sponsors. There is Jeanne Haltee, who has sounded the Directorate theme in her frocks—her models feature various treatments of the high waist, including some rather bizarre effects. On one frock the waist is high on one side and low on the other—another dress shows a high line in front and an extremely low one in back. Martial et Armand have also succumbed to the appeal of the Directorate—there is a waistline typical of that period, almost unnoticeable at the back and markedly high in front. This effect is achieved through the adroit manipulation of embroidery, cut bands and drapery. Cheruit, whose slim silhouette and short skirts require only the merest suggestion at the waist, has moved the line perceptibly higher than on her models of last season.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW

TO CLEAN VARIOUS KINDS OF FURS IN THE HOME.

Furs collect dust and dirt in quantities that would astonish us if it all could be detached and then gathered together.

In a town, "blacks" descend and are duly incorporated, with the result that dark furs lose their glossiness and light furs become begrimed, dirty and unsightly.

Extremely expensive furs should be sent to a professional cleaner, but others can be tackled at home with quite satisfactory results.

Sable or skunk should be treated with hot silver sand, of the best quality. It is rubbed in with a piece of new flannel, and will, visibly, collect all the dirt. Give a second rubbing with fresh sand, and then beat the fur with a flat stick and brush it until it is glossy. It will be as good as new. Other furs need only to be rubbed against the hair, with hot bran. Brush the bran out with a stiff brush and the fur will be clean. The bran, however, will be very dirty.

Light-colored furs need a slightly different treatment. Camphorated chalk should first be well rubbed in, and then a paste of cold-water starch brushed over the hair. This should be allowed to dry, and then rubbed off with the hand. Afterwards the fur should be sprinkled with powdered magnesia, which should be brushed out with a stiff brush. A final brush with a soft brush, and the fur will be clean and glossy.

Cheap furs—which are never really cheap, of course—should be cleaned with powdered ammonia and dry whiteening; mixed in equal quantities. This will remove the dirt, and brushing will complete the operation.

Finally, if any fur gets wet, wipe it very gently with a silk handkerchief, and then hang up well away from the fire. When dry, fluff up the wrong way and then brush quickly with a medium brush. This prevents any damage by wet.—London Answers.

How Mosaic Glass Is Made

Mosaic glass is produced by arranging vertically side by side threads or small canes of variously colored opaque or transparent glass, uniform lengths, so that the ends shall form a ground representing flowers, arabesques, or any mosaic design. This mass is now submitted to a heat sufficient to fuse the whole, all the sides at the same time being pressed together so as to exclude the air from the interstices of the threads. The result is a homogeneous solid cane or cylinder, which, being cut at right angles, or laterally, yields a number of layers or copies of the same uniform design.

This process was practiced with great skill by the ancients, who are supposed to have produced pictures in this way; but in existing specimens the pieces have been so accurately united, by intense heat or otherwise, that the junctures cannot be discovered by even a powerful magnifying glass.

How Parishes Originated

The Florida parishes formerly comprised a part of western Florida. In 1810 200 men, headed by Gen. Philip Thomas, marched against Baton Rouge, then held by Spain, and were successful in obtaining control of the fort. They held a meeting and formed what they called the free and independent state of western Florida. They immediately notified the president of the United States of their act, stating that they would like to be admitted to the Union, provided their freedom was guaranteed. The United States government replied that the land that they occupied was a part of the Louisiana Purchase, and therefore, already belonged to the government. A force was dispatched to take over western Florida. Later, when Louisiana was admitted to the Union, the Florida parishes were made a part of the new state.

How Crescent Originated

The crescent on the Turkish flag was made the emblem of Byzantium after the siege of that city by Philip, father of Alexander the Great. A night attempt by the followers of Philip to undermine the walls of the city was revealed by the light of the crescent moon. In gratitude for this delivery Diana's symbol became the badge of the city. In 1453 Mahomet II captured the city and adopted the badge for the Ottoman empire.

How Did "Bible" Get Its Name

It is said this comes from the word biblos, the name of a reed which grows in the marshes of Egypt. It was from the leaves of this reed that paper was manufactured for use in the making of books, and the word "Bible" meaning literally "book" gets its name from this reed.

Height of Orang-Utan

The orang-utan, the name being Malay for man of the woods, is shorter and broader than a man. The adult male stands about four feet high and sometimes weighs as much as 250 pounds.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 8, 1824

Arrived on Saturday evening last, Ship Alexander from a whaling voyage of 32 months, with three thousand and one hundred barrels of sperm oil, the largest quantity of oil ever brought into the United States at one time by any vessel.

Died in this town in April three males, three females and one child, seven in all. The aggregate ages of the six grown people was 450 years, averaging 75 years each.

On Wednesday last the General Assembly of this state convened in this town. The procession was formed with His Excellency the Governor at the head, and under escort of the Artillery Company and the Independent Volunteers, escorted to the State House. Gen. Albert C. Greene was unanimously elected Speaker. His Excellency James Fenner was declared elected Governor and Charles Collins Lieutenant Governor.

Something Curious—There is an old live oak stump on a plantation near Darien, Ga., from which the original stern post of the ship Constitution was cut. Shortly after the Guerrero was captured by the Constitution a bay tree sprang up from the center of the old stump, and has continued to flourish ever since, and as an evergreen may be seen at all times of the year, constantly increasing in beauty and strength.

A Great Job—A committee has been appointed by the New York Council, to ascertain by an accurate census, how many persons are engaged in that city in selling ardent spirits. The committee will probably report that there is about one tipping shop to every ten inhabitants. (Times have not changed much in the past hundred years.)

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 12, 1849

With deep regret we have to announce the death of the Hon. Dutee J. Pearce, which took place on Wednesday morning last, after a distressing illness of about ten days. The death of Mr. Pearce was an event as unexpected as it was mournful. Mr. Pearce was born on the Island of Prudence on the 3d of April 1789. He was elected to Congress in November, 1825, and continued to be elected until 1837, when he was defeated by the Hon. Robert B. Cranston of Newport. He was a public spirited man and his death will be regretted by all.

The committee appointed to make an estimate of the property of this state reported that they hoped to be able to make a final report at the June session. The property of this state, estimating farming lands, etc., at two-thirds their value, will reach about sixty-five millions of dollars. (Today the property of Newport alone is assessed at some eighty-five millions of dollars.)

At a meeting of the bar of Newport held Thursday, May 10, Hon. Henry Y. Cranston was chosen Chairman and Christopher Grant Perry Secretary.

Died in this town on Thursday afternoon, Charles Gyles, Esq., in the 70th year of his age, for many years Cashier of the Merchants' Bank. He was for several years town clerk of this town; the duties of which he filled with honor and usefulness.

At the municipal election in Providence, Thomas M. Burgess was elected Mayor by a large majority over his Democratic opponent.

Solon W. Bush of this town, a recent graduate of Cambridge Divinity School, is to be ordained pastor at the Unitarian Society in Burlington, Vt., on Wednesday next.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 9, 1874

George H. Norman is making marked improvements to his estate on Beach street. Miss Charlotte Cushman has changed the appearance of her villa for the better, on Rhode Island avenue; George Peabody Wetmore's stone villa is not yet completed, although work on the structure has been carried on for over a year. The cost of the improvement is already over two hundred thousand dollars. George R. Fearing's new house on Narragansett avenue is now nearly completed and will be occupied by the owner this summer.

The City Fathers at their meeting Tuesday evening voted to extend the freedom of the city to the famous N. Y. Seventh Regiment should they see fit to visit the city this summer.

Benj. Mumford, Cashier of the First National Bank, who had his leg broken in Chicago some weeks since, arrived at his home Friday morning. He stood the journey much better than his numerous friends feared would be the case.

The fourth trial to elect a councilman in the Third ward takes place today. Mr. Sherman has retired from the contest and Mr. H. H. Young now has the field alone.

It is yet generally believed that spring is coming sometime, even if it does not reach here till summer.

Just before the April election we published a proposed ordinance for repair of the streets, etc., in the town of Middletown. The ordinance was rejected by the town at the town

meeting, but our Portsmouth neighbors seeing the ordinance in the Mercury, took it up and passed it word for word.

The Milwaukee Sentinel says, "The worst thing about this cremation business is that some winter morning, in a fit of philanthropy, your widow's second husband may empty your ashes on the icy pavement for the benefit of pedestrians."

A. D. 1900. Scene before a cremation undertaker's shop. Small Boy—"I say, sir, is Dad done yet? If he is please put his ashes in this tin kettle." (It will be well to remember that cremation was all the go fifty years ago.)

Suit has been brought in the U. S. Court against Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, at which damages are laid at one million dollars. The suit is brought to recover penalties for fraudulent importations.

When the new fire department ordinance is put in force, we shall have more men for jury duty, men, too, whom the courts need on important cases.

Young James Gordon Bennett and John Whipple walked on a wager of \$2000 a side from Thirty-eighth Street to Jerome Park, a distance of ten miles. Bennett made the distance in one hour and forty-seven minutes, winning by five minutes. The New York sports had more than fifty thousand dollars staked on the result.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury May 13, 1899

Two weeks from next Tuesday will be Newport's great day—Lecture Day, when all the sons and daughters of the City by the Sea revisit their homes and family reunions and open houses with plenty of egg nog are the order of the day. (Alas, for those good old days! Gone never to return.) The North Atlantic Squadron under command of Rear Admiral William T. Sampson, will be the main feature of the day. The men from the Squadron will land and take part in the parade, which will be a grand affair. It ought to be, and doubtless will be, the grandest celebration of Lecture Day Newport has ever seen.

The total enrollment in the schools of Newport is 3198. In the Rogers High School the enrollment is 214. (In the year 1824 it is 1024.)

At Tuesday evening's meeting of the Artillery Company Colonel Bliss announced the appointment of Henry S. Bliss to be Sergeant-Major in place of Max Muenchinger resigned. Then followed the promotion of Sergeants as follows: William Knowe, John R. Austin, Frank G. Wilbar.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer have rented "Beaulieu" for the season. It is reported that the Palmers are negotiating with William Waldorf Astor for its purchase.

Major Henry Bull died at his home on Bull street last Saturday morning, in the 84th year of his age. Major Bull was a lineal descendant from Governor Henry Bull, one of the first settlers of Rhode Island.

Attorney General Sackett was in town this week, arranging for the Lecture Day programme.

His Excellency Governor Dyer and Mrs. Dyer will tender a reception to the members of the General Assembly Wednesday, May 17.

May 17 is the date of the Maine Odd Fellows' convention to be held at Lewiston, armory.

Hiram A. Wright, Civil War veteran, and the second oldest Mason in the United States in point of membership, died at his home, last week in Winthrop, Mass., at the age of 85. He has been a member of the Masonic Order for 64 years, having joined at the age of 21.

Representative Chester A. Pike of Springfield, Mass., caught a nine-inch trout and, on dressing the fish, he discovered a 13-inch adder curled up in its stomach, he says. The snake was coiled up in much the same manner as the inner tube of an automobile tire as it comes from the dealer, the snake being about as flat in proportion to its other dimensions.

H. S. Ford, bursar of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, received a check for \$1052.50 from a member of the senior class, who figured that this sum represented the difference between the actual cost of his education to the Institute and his tuition fee. In a note accompanying the remittance, the student, who asked that his name be withheld, said that he realized the moral obligation of every undergraduate to the institution and asked that the money be invested and at the 25th anniversary of his class be added to the class endowment fund, which already has reached a total of about \$180,000.

Mrs. A. W. Cossaboom of Gardner, Mass., has the champion "big league" egg in that part of the state, measuring eight and one-quarter inches by six and one-quarter inches. The egg was laid by one of a pen of Jersey black giants, which are considered by many poultry fanciers to be one of the best such pens in that part of the country. Mrs. Cossaboom won second prize with the birds at the annual show of the Gardner poultry club show last season. The proud owner plans to enter the birds in poultry shows this year.

More Boy Twins Are Born in Texas

Austin, Tex.—Boy twins and boy triplets outnumbered the girls in Texas last year by a substantial figure, according to reports to the vital statistics section of the state health department. The twins of all nationalities and colors numbered 1,000, of which 507 were males and 493 females. There were recorded 478 white American male twins, 41 Mexican male and 48 negro male twins. The girl twins numbered 404 white, 41 Mexican and 48 negro.

The whole state reported only nine triplets, of which six were white males and three white females.

The births for the state exceeded the deaths by more than 40,000. Births recorded numbered 70,714, while the deaths were 30,658.

Trappers in the Arctic Wear Double Fur Coats

Fairbanks, Alaska.—A glimpse of life on a remote island in the Arctic ocean was afforded by E. W. Wyant, a trader, who stopped here recently on his way from San Francisco back to his distant post.

On Bailey Island, 250 miles east of the mouth of the Mackenzie river, where Wyant has been in business since 1917, the wind blows, he averred, at a speed fit to make Alaska's winter blasts seem summer zephyrs. Nevertheless he was of the opinion that a dirigible like the Shenandoah would be able to reach the north pole by flying over his territory in the summer. Leaving the island with its 20 inhabitants last summer on a whaler for San Francisco, Wyant made the voyage in three months. He was here on his way "mushing" overland, and expected that supplies which he had bought to last several years would arrive next August by water.

When one travels in his neighborhood, Wyant related, one wears two suits of deerskin, a suit with the fur turned out and one with the fur turned in. Flour costs \$10 a hundred pounds and bacon \$1.25 a pound.

Last year the colony of 20 took 20,000 pelts, principally of white fox.

Finds \$31,000 in Stock Lost to Town 26 Years

Chatham, N. Y.—Citizens of Chatham are in a happy state of mind over the discovery of a lost certificate of 310 shares of Chatham Railroad company.

The stock came into the possession of the town 26 years ago. It was mislaid and finally lost. Although carried on the books all these years as an asset, the certificate itself could not be produced.

The present town clerk, Augustus M. Bearse, in an effort to dispose of the stock, to help defray town expenses, conferred with Theodore N. Waddell, director of accounts, at the statehouse. He was told that as the town had no tangible certificate there was really nothing to sell.

Mr. Bearse found an old box supposed to contain old papers of no particular consequence. Looking through these old papers he came across the certificate.

The stock is valued at \$31,000 and the interest is guaranteed at 5 per cent per annum. The Chatham railroad is now operated by the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad company under a 99-year lease.

Woman Stowaway Found Aboard Ocean Steamer

Portland, Ore.—Unloading of the hold of the steamer Florence Luckenbach here recently disclosed the hiding place of pretty Atollus Scott, who revealed that she had "bummed" most of her way from Rochester, N. Y., to Portland on her way to Seattle, Wash., to see her eight-year-old son.

The girl, dressed in overalls and a wool skirt, admitted she was penniless and that on her journey across the continent she had come from Kansas City to San Francisco, by way of Chicago, "on the rods," and stowed away on the freighter at San Francisco.

Mechanical Soldiers Will Fight Next War

Copenhagen.—Mechanical soldiers, directed by wireless rays, will fight the next war, if the claims of Niels Aansen, Norwegian scientist and inventor, prove true.

Aansen claims to have invented a soldier automaton which can fire 2,000 rounds a minute, thus virtually doing away with human "cannon fodder."

The invention has been offered to the Danish government.

Find Savings Under Carpet

Bellevue, O.—Floors of his home here served as a depository for Thomas Baughman, an employee of the city street department. Following his death relatives found \$1,000 in currency hidden beneath carpets in his home.

Baughman was a bachelor and lived alone.

Eagles Die on Wires

Pendleton, Ore.—Two large eagles, which linemen believe had been engaged in an aerial fight and failed to see electric power lines, resulted in power being cut off from Pendleton for a brief period. The birds were found dead, entangled in the lines.

BUSY MEN DICTATE THEIR LOVE NOTES

Public Stenographer Helps Frame Tender Messages.

New York.—A Paris dispatch not long ago carried the information that the last public letter writer had closed up shop for good and all, the inference being that, with less literacy the world over, people now preferred to write their own love letters. As this was a large part of the corner scribbler's job in European countries, he had been forced out of business.

Following close on this news comes word of a public amanuensis in New York city who helps tired business men to ladle messages of more or less sentiment to distant loved ones. It is claimed, too, that the making of sentimental phrases for the American man who cannot make them himself, but who still chooses old-fashioned language in which to do wooing, is not unknown to our present-day public stenographers.

Six Footers Inarticulate. It is the six footer who is the most inarticulate when it comes to written love talk, according to Miss Lillian Anna Wippler of the Waldorf, who has spent six years writing letters for statesmen, industrialists, scholars and just plain business men.

"I can tell by the look of a man the kind of letter he will write," said the composer of endearing lyrics. "A little fellow wearing dapper clothes always uses more flowery language than the six footer. The big man uses short sentences and short words. Tells her in a straightforward way that he loves her and how much. No nonsense about the big ones. The little men write long letters, full of long words and more sentimental."

Are they as sincere? Well, the didn't know about that. She wouldn't say they were insincere. But the six footer seemed to "get over" more with his few words than the other man with his elaborate phrases.

Lovers Not Timid. Miss Wippler does not think the present-day lover at all timid. "Men shy" laughed the recipient of intimate confidences. "Never!" No, not even about their sweethearts. They are as natural, she says, when dictating a love letter, as they are when dictating a brief or a contract. To them this love letter business is a job to be done in the best possible way, and if they don't feel equal to it they find some one to help them. This is where the public stenographer comes in.

"The up-to-date business man," pursued the young philosopher, "is saying it with flowers and proving it with jewelry. He does little writing. He knows that the girl at home is not so much interested in beautiful words as she is in his latest business deal. The success of that business deal means an early wedding, and that is what she is thinking about."

Copy Letter in Longhand. "But there are the other kind—the men who do not seem to realize that the necessity for verbal flowers has passed. They do know, though, that they haven't the ability to write those 'flowers,' so when they want to write a love letter they seek the services of a woman stenographer. It isn't always because they want to avoid the work of writing.

"Nine out of ten of them copy the letter in longhand after I have typed it. What they want, I think, is the woman's viewpoint. I can tell, from the careful way in which men watch when they are dictating, that they are interested most of all in my reaction to their letter. If I should show the faintest trace of amusement the man would immediately strike out that particular sentence."

Couple Prepare to Spend Married Life in Prison

Douglas, Ga.—John Alton Rogers and his bride are preparing to honeymoon in jail for life.

Rogers and his wife pleaded guilty and were sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of Rogers' brother, Love, first husband of the convicted bride.

Love Rogers was killed in order that his brother might obtain his wife, according to the confession made when the couple were arrested in Florida, where they had eloped after burying Love Rogers in a crude grave.

Alaska's Commerce Gains During 1923

Juneau, Alaska.—Ports of Alaska handled the greatest amount of business in their history during the year just closed, according to a report issued by John C. McBride, collector of customs here.

During the year 2,559 vessels entered Alaskan ports, compared with 2,080 the year before and 2,221 in the previous banner year of 1920.

The last twelve months also established a banner period for tonnage handled, both foreign and domestic. In the domestic trade there were 474,585 tons entered and 477,103 tons cleared. In the foreign trade the tonnage entered was 317,806 and that cleared 152,322.

In the domestic trade 1,950 vessels were given clearance papers by Alaskan ports, and in foreign commerce the ships cleared numbered 453.

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Probate Court, Middletown, R. I., April 21, 1924.
Estate of Daniel M. Chase
MARY E. CHASE, the widow of Daniel M. Chase, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court her petition in writing, praying this Court to make a reasonable allowance to her out of the estate of her deceased husband for her support for the six months next succeeding the date of his death in March, 1924.
It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown on Monday, the nineteenth day of May next, A. D. 1924, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least in the Newport Mercury.
ALBERT J. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I.
By virtue and in pursuance of an order issued out of the Superior Court, within and for the County of Newport on this 27th day of May, A. D. 1924, the following described personal property attached on an original writ in an action at law entitled Carlo Andoro of the City of Newport in the State of Rhode Island vs. Elizabeth A. Blingham alias June One of the City of Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to wit: the contents of "The Bingham" No. 22 Catherine Street, in said City of Newport, viz: beds, mattresses, blankets, pillows, bureaus, commodes, tables, chairs, window shades, window screens, curtains, curtain rods, draperies, wash bowls, pitchers, cups, soap dishes, tinware, chamber pots, rug, straw matting, springs, curtain rods, waste baskets, match holders, oil cloth, towels, towel racks, coat hangers, folding screens, mirrors, spreads, sheets, pillow slips, desks, hat racks, pictures, lace curtains, piano furniture, dining room furniture, kitchen furniture, pots, kettles, pans, knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, all kinds of plates and other household goods, etc., etc.
The above described personal property will be sold at Public Auction to be held at "The Bingham" No. 22 Catherine Street, in the said City of Newport on Thursday, May 15th, A. D. 1924, at 10 o'clock A. M.
FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport May 7th, 1924.

Estate of James Lahiff
PETITION in writing is made by Annie J. Lahiff of said Newport, requesting that she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the estate of James Lahiff, of said Newport, a minor under the age of fourteen years, son of James J. Lahiff and Annie J. Lahiff, and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-sixth day of May instant at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

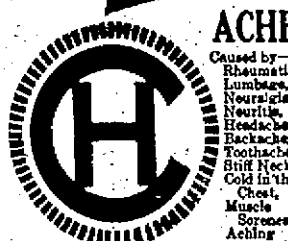
Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 6th, 1924.

Estate of Cecil Quintyne
REQUEST in writing is made by Besse Quintyne of said Newport, widow of Cecil Quintyne, late of said Newport, deceased intestate, that she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Twenty-sixth day of May instant at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

To Control Radio.
A bill has been introduced in the Danish riksdag to give the government control of radio telephony in Denmark.

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